Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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EZEKIEL HOLMES, S. L. BOARDMAN, } Editors.

Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.

Agricultural Exhibitions in Maine--1862.

The following is a list of the Agricultural Exhibitions to be held in this State during the coming autumn. Will the Secretaries of those Societies not mentioned below, furnish us with the time and place of holding their shows, so that we can make our list complete. There will be no exhibition by the State Society this year.

Androscoggin Agricultural and Horticultural Society, at Lewiston, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October 7th, 8th and 9th.

Kennebec, at Readfield, Wednesday and Thursday, October 8th and 9th.

North Waldo, at Unity, Wednesday and Thursday, October 15th and 16th.

Sagadahoc, at Topsham, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October 7th, 8th and 9th.

West Washington, Jonesboro', Wednesday and Thursday, October 1st and 2d.

North Franklin, at Phillips, Wednesday and Thursday, October 8th and 9th.

Waldo, at Belfast, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 1st, 2d and 3d.

West Oxford, at Fryeburg, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October 7th, 8th and 9th.

York County, (N. B.) Fredericton, Oct. 14th and 15th.

The Provincial Agricultural Association of Upper Canada, will hold its annual fair at Toronto, U. C., commencing Monday, Sept. 22d, and continuing one week.

An Agricultural Excursion---No. 3.

One prominent reason why those farmers in our State, who have farms well adapted for grazing and dairy purposes have not gone into dairying more largely is because it makes hard work in the house. The making of butter and cheese requires the constant and assiduous labor of the house-wife, at a season of the year when labor is quite oppressive; and of late years female help on our farms has been growing scarce, on account of many girls engaging in factories and other pursuits, which has rendered it almost impossible for female help, competent to manage a dairy to be obtained. So the farmer has turned his attention more to the raising of beef cattle or fancy stock, thinking on the whole that it paid about as well, and made less work for the "women folks" than keeping cows. There is indeed much truth in this statement. The labor of making butter or cheese from a small dairy—say from six to eight cows—in the way in which our people practice making cheese, is hard work; but by adopting the practice and methods now in use in some of the Middle States, the labor is lessened more than two-thirds. It remains to be seen whether those methods can be introduced in the dairy regions of our State to good advantage.

Many farmers seem to think that sheep raising is a more profitable branch of farming than dairying. We will admit that some sections may be pre-eminently suited for sheep, and in such sections stock raising or dairying is not so likely to succeed: but having regard to the natural adaptabilities of the location, is not dairying a more profitable branch of husbandry for such farmers to follow, than sheep raising? Let some of our farmers reckon up the cost of keeping a *good cow* one year, and also estimate the yield of that cow in butter and cheese, deducting the cost of milking and manufacturing the milk. (Some estimate the skim milk for the making of pork, to pay for the work of butter making.) Then estimate the number of sheep which could be kept a year on the same amount of forage that is consumed by the cow, and reckon the product, in wool and lambs of the sheep, and, by striking the balance see on which side the greatest profit comes. We think many would be quite surprised, if not mistaken, at the result.

We spoke just now, of improvements in the methods of cheese-making, as practiced in New York and some other States. Allusion was made to "Associated Dairies" or "Cheese Manufactories," some account of which we find in late issues of the *Prairie Farmer*. In many counties in New York it has become the practice to concentrate in one establishment the manufacture of the cheese from the milk of a whole neighborhood. In some instances the milk of from five to nine hundred cows is made into cheese at one manufactory. The neighbors bring their milk in large cans, morning and evening, to the manufactory; when it is accurately weighed, and credit given the bringer each time. The work of manufacturing the cheese then begins; about four persons being employed in the operation. The entire method of manufacture we propose to give our readers hereafter. The proprietor of this manufactory makes and cares for the cheese for one cent per lb.; and the advantages of the system are the concentration of the labor of several individuals in one, and by employing an overseer who understands the business, making cheese of a superior and uniform quality, and which will bring a higher price in the market. This is the most important advantage connected with the system. It is very seldom that any two cheeses made by our farmers are alike in quality; and so of butter. Yet this uniform quality is what is most desired by buyers; for it does not subject them to the work of assorting cheese into separate lots according to quality, for the market. A well knownbutter maker in the eastern part of the State, who has for years made an article of superior and uniform quality for one of our cities, invariablygets from five to six cents more on a pound, than the usual market price.

This system of manufacturing cheese can no doubt be introduced in many sections of our own State with decidedly favorable results. We have many sections where from two to three hundred cows could be kept within a radius of two miles, and in such places these cheese factories will ere long be established. In order to do it however, farmers must abandon the practice of raising fancy stock—which although a laudable and praiseworthy matter, yet we doubt if it is one which has ever in fact, paid. Two other things must also be attended to: the first is the improvement of dairy cows, or the introduction of such breeds as are known to be superior milkers; and the other is the improvement of pastures. In Livermore, Chesterville, Jay, Sumner, Buckfield and other towns in that locality is some good land for pastures, but it must be improved, or, in a few years their usefulness will be greatly impaired. We commend to the notice of our readers an article on this subject, in another column, from the pen of Sanford Howard, Esq.

The Agricultural Press on Mr. Newton.

"It is to be regretted that the President, in his appointment of one to preside over the new Bureau of Agriculture, should have failed to appreciate the importance of placing there one in whom the people could place the fullest confidence. Even were it true that Mr. Newton possesses the requisite qualifications, the appointment is an unfortunate one; for, to secure all the results designed to be obtained by the creation of this new Bureau, its head should have a personal acquaintance with the leading minds in agricultural improvement, that he might co-operate with them in the various efforts to promote agricultural interests. And when to the fact that he has never been identified, in any considerable degree, with agricultural affairs, is added the very general belief that he has but a limited knowledge of practical farming, and, so far as the public is informed, no familiarity with what may be termed the science of agriculture, the appointment can scarcely fail to be unpopular, and as unfortunate to the appointing power as to the very large class of our citizens whose interests are thereby materially and injuriously affected."

We copy the above from an article in the New York *Argus*, which adds: "The agricultural press, almost without an exception, have expressed their mortification and chagrin over the appointment of Mr. Newton." And as we become more acquainted with Mr. N., by means of the press throughout the country, our convictions of his unfitness for the position become stronger, and we are half inclined to say with the *Ohio Farmer* that "under his management the Department "not only will be, but *is* a failure. The *Rural New Yorker*, referring to our first article upon this subject, says: "So far as this journal is concerned, the dissatisfaction expressed (with Mr. Newton's appointment,) did *not* emanate 'from parties interested,' or who had any particular candidate to urge for the position. All we desired was that a *competant* man should be selected without regard to his location or friendship. That such a one was not (as we believe) appointed, must be a source of regret and disappointment to every intelligent friend of rural improvement."

Charles D. Bragdon, Esq., of Chicago, Ill., the western editor of the *Rural New Yorker*, furnishes that journal with some facts in Mr. Newton's personal and political history which are quite important to be known. He publishes *verbatim et liberatim*, &c., an order on one of the Government gardeners, given by the Commissioner, for a certain tree, which he (Mr. Bragdon) had, "from a source which I deem reliable, from gentlemen who do not assert what they cannot establish." The order is as follows:

"Mr. Stevenson—*Sur*:—Let the baror have one of those trees wat bars those large leaves. It's for Henry Willard."

We leave Mr. Newton here for the present. If anything appears which shows that what has been said in regard to his qualifications are untrue, we shall cheerfully controvert them. If on the other hand it becomes more evident that his appointment is an injustice to the agriculturists of our country, we shall urge his supercedence by a man of the right stamp.

Increase of Farms in Upper Canada.

From a recent number of the Toronto (C. W.) *Globe*, we glean some facts relating to the agricultural resources and condition of Canada West, as furnished by the census of January, 1861.

According to the census of 1841, there were 3,702,788 acres of land under cultivation, and in 1860 there were 6,051,619—being an increase of 3,348,831 acres in ten years, or at the rate of 63¼ per cent. The number of persons occupying land in 1851 was 99,906, while in 1860 they had increased to 131,983, or at a ratio of 32 per cent. The ratio of the increase of the whole population for the same period is 46⅔ per cent. Some interesting items are given as to the number of small land holders, which shows that they have diminished considerably between the years 1851 and 1860. In the former year there were 12,417 persons who occupied 20 acres and under, and in the latter year there were but 7,099 of this class. In 1851 there were 10,143 who held between 20 and 50 acres, and in 1860, 26,630. The number who held from 50 to 100 acres increased from 47,427 to 64,819; and the number of those occupying over 200 acres increased from 3,404 to 5,027. These figures show that the labor of bringing land under cultivation went on in Upper Canada, during the years 1851 and 1860, in a much more rapid ratio than ever the increase of population, the proportion being as 63¼ to 46⅔. We also infer from this that Upper Canada is a more exclusively agricultural country now than it was ten years ago, in proportion to the extent of its population. Of the 6,051,619 acres under cultivation in 1860, 4,101,902 were under crops, 1,860,848 under pasture and 88,869 in orchards and gardens. Of lands under cultivation, therefore, in Upper Canada, the average proportion in crops was 67¾ per cent., and that in pasture 30¾ per cent., to stand against 61¼ of the former and 36¼ of the latter in 1850.

Agricultural Inventions of 1861.

A list of inventions of agricultural implements and machines patented during the year 1861, is given in the last agricultural report of the Patent Office. It shows how busy the inventive genius of the Yankees has been—even during a year of war, and in those department, relating only to agriculture. The list comprises 81 harvesters; 59 plows—including 4 four steam plows; 54 cultivators; 28 bee-hives; 29 churns; 26 seeding machines, and machines for sowing concentrated fertilizers; 24 corn planters; 22 grain separators; 18 thrashing machines; 11 mowing machines; 9 corn shellers; 9 seed drills; 9 harrows; 8 straw-cutters; 7 rakes; 6 butter-workers; 5 horse rakes; 4 harrows; 4 fruit gatherers; 2 bag holders; 2 potato diggers; 2 ox yokes; and 1 rotary spading-machine.

☞ The Horticulturist for September is a choice number. It is embellished with a colored illustration of the *Monitor* Strawberry—one of Mr. Fuller's famous seedlings—and has a useful and varied list of articles. The editor says that it is his fixed determination to keep the *Horticulturist* up to the mark, in spite of the war, and we are sure he will do it. The work was never more worthy of patronage than now.

☞ A pamphlet compriaing the transactions of the York Co., (N. B.) Agricultural Society for 1860 has been sent us. It also contains the premium list of the Annual Show and Fair of the Society, which is to be held at Fredericton, N. B., on the 14 and 15th of October next. J. H. Reid, President, Fredericton.

Selecting Seed Wheat.

We have before alluded to the experiments of Mr. Hallett, of Brighton in England, in the selection of his wheat for seed and the results which have attended it. It is an interesting and important matter with the farmer, and one which we desire to press upon the attention of our readers. Mr. Hallett commenced his experiments in Sept. 1859. He then planted one grain of wheat, and year by year selected most carefully the produce of the finest heads as seed for the next year's crop, and, improving every successive harvest, he has at length more than doubled the size of the original heads, the weight of the product has largely increased, and he is enabled to sow much earlier than formerly. These are most important considerations.

It will remembered that at the meeting of the Board of Agriculture last winter, Mr. Haines of Aroostook, stated that he one year separated his seed wheat, so as to have the largest, heaviest kernels only, to sow. In this way he obtained about one peck from a bushel. A bushel and a half of this selected wheat was sown side by side in another field, with wheat uncleansed, and the former was four times as good as the latter, and the yield correspondingly heavier. The fields upon which it was sown were very uniform in character throughout, and this difference in the looks of the wheat could be distinguished as far as the field could be viewed so as to see the grain.

The benefits of careful selection of seed through a number of years, become so evident that we think farmers can but profit from the experiments which have thus far been made in this direction; and there is this advantage to it, that the plan is open to each farmer alike, and with but a small expense attending the operation. To raise pure crops of every variety for seed, is a matter of the *greatest importance*, and we wonder it has so long been neglected.

Horse Hoe and Potato Digger.

We have before spoken of the merits of Chandler's Horse Hoe, an implement for cultivating potatoes; and are pleased to lean that it has given universal satisfaction wherever used. The inventor, Mr. Moses Chandler of East Corinth, has, we understand, sold 150 of the implements the past season, *on trial*, and not one has been returned, or failed to give satisfaction.

Mr. Chandler has just completed a Potato Digger, one of his own invention, which is readily attached to the Hoe. The shares of this digger are reversed, and are so adjusted as to pare off the hills; the digger then plows out the potatoes, throwing them back upon a sort of iron rack or fingers, through which the dirt is sifted, and the potatoes are discharged on the surface.

By these inventions, Mr. Chandler has done much to assist the performance of the laborious work of the potato field, and we hope he will receive that success which his inventions entitle him to.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Insects on Wheat.

Messrs. Editors:—Inclosed you have a head of wheat, (badly damaged.) I likewise send you four insects which I captured on my wheat heads. What are they and what are they doing? Are they the culprits that are destroying my wheat? I have a very stout piece of wheat, and soon after the kernels began to form I noticed it was infested with insects, and now I should judge at least one-half of the kernels are destroyed. Two of the insects appear to be of the same kind that infest raspberries. Have they been known heretofore to destroy grain? Please inform and much oblige W. Spring.

[We sent the inclosed insects to our entomological friend Brackett, who writes as follows:]

Editors Farmer:—Your note, accompanied by Mr. Spring's letter with the inclosed insects, &c., is received. Mr. Spring says his wheat is badly injured by insects, and sends these which he has captured on the heads. They are three specimens of bugs *Phytocoris*, two alike and one ichneumon. The ichneumon is the brown colored one, with slender abdomen, long antenna, thin wings and long slender ovipositor. Neither of these insects are capable of producing the effect visible on the head of wheat sent, viz., gnawing the husks over and eating into the kernel. That was done by some insect having jaws, as the locust, for these bugs sent, live entirely by suction, being provided only with long beaks or suckers, with which they pump out vegetable and animal juices, but when in large numbers they may prove very destructive by robbing the kernels of their proper due. I notice several of these kernels are shrivled or apparently blighted without any perceptible cause, which may have been caused by these insects. The chinch bug that causes so much destruction in the Western States, is of this family, being about half the size of the two larger ones sent, or about one-sixth of an inch in length. The ichneumon or *Hymenopterous* insect sent, is in no way connected with the damage caused to the wheat. It was probably busy depositing eggs in the larva of the midge or of some other insect, and was therefore a friend rather than an enemy. Such insects should never be harmed. If the damage done to Mr. Spring's wheat consists in a shriveling or lack of filling of the kernel, and these bugs are plenty on it, it may have been caused by them, but if it consists principally in having the kernels and the husks of the kernel eaten or gnawed, as in the specimen sent, it must be caused by some insect different from those sent. Geo. E. Brackett.

Belfast, Aug. 1862.

For the Maine Farmer.

Crops in Androscoggin County.

The hay crop in Androscoggin county has at this time, (Aug. 20,) been nearly or quite all secured. The yield is about an average one, which is much better than the dry weather of June indicated. On account of the protracted dull weather during the season for haying, considerable grass was injured by getting too ripe before it was cut.

The grain crop is good. There was but little wheat sown, but that little is quite full and well ripened. The weevil or midge has not made great havoc. Barley, to a great extent, is taking the place of wheat as a crop, and will yield bountifully.

Corn will be light. Potatoes never looked better—not even in times gone by, when it was not an impossibility to raise four hundred bushels per acre. My memory, in reference to potatoes at least, serves me but a few years prior to the appearance of the "rot," but I have visions of monstrous potatoes and bountiful yields, which "are not all a dream." If we can get half the yield this year which was frequently realized then, we will be thankful for it, and call it a bountiful crop.

Apples are plenty and very fine. Truly, farmers have reason for thankfulness. Though civil war is devastating our fair land, the farmers here in Maine are quietly pursuing their daily avocations. But they are not dead to what is passing. They give freely of their sons and of their treasure; and while they are engaged with their work their thoughts are of a brother or a son who has left his peaceful home to fight his country's battles. Z. A. G.

For the Maine Farmer.

To Prevent Sheep from Running over Stone Wall.

Many farmers know to their entire satisfaction, that sheep are very well acquainted with the manner of running over stone wall. One of your subscribers, Mr. Thos. J. Brown, gave me a hint as to preventing this, which I consider of much importance. It is this: pare off the hoof so as to make the bottom of the foot a little tender, and they will make no attempts to "scale the wall." The "Merino" sheep are not known to be experts in the matter of running over wall. Why? because their hoofs are not fitted for it. Their hoofs turn up at the toe and prevent their holding on. T.

For the Maine Farmer.

Another Large Calf.

Messrs. Editors:—I have this day weighed and measured a calf raised by George Livermore of North Vassalboro', now five months old, of a red color, and symmetrical in form. Length 5 feet 4 inches; girth, 5 feet 7 inches; height 3 feet 6 inches; weight, 560 pounds. Mr. Livermore assures me that the calf has had no extra feed, but he seems to make it his business to grow. It has gained in each month over 75 pounds. Yours, Timothy Rowell.

Vassalboro', Aug. 30, 1862.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Improvement of Pastures.

Although we have repeatedly spoken on this subject, extended observation assures us that much may still be said, before the owners of pasture-lands in this section are fully aroused to the importance of improving them. The decline in the produce of pastures, and the difficulty of maintaining the amount of live stock which farms formerly supported, is a frequent topic of remark. Yet much less is done in regard to remedying the difficulty, than might be expected.

What are the reasons for this apparent neglect? They are probably various. In some instances the owners have no capital, either in the shape of money or labor, to invest in improvements. In other instances the owners are in doubt as to any means of improvment which can be made remunerative. There are cases, undoubtedly, where it is difficult to decide as to the expediency of attempting any improvement. The practicability of rendering the land more productive is not doubted, but the question—Will it pay? cannot in all cases be answered affirmatively.

The result of a proper examination of the subject is, that the improvement of pastures will pay in some cases, and will not in others. How shall we decide this matter? And having settled on the lots where improvement is expedient, what course or courses of operation will be found best? A farmer of close observation can form an opinion, to some extent, in reference to the expediency of attempting the renovation of any particular piece of land. He will know by the character of the soil whether it is retentive of moisture, or whether its composition and texture will allow water to pass rapidly through and also exhale from the surface, thus rendering vegetation liable to suffer from drought, and carrying off the soluble elements of manure. Pitch pine or shrub oak lands are seldom good for grass, and are generally worth more for the growth of wood than for anything else. The white pine or Scotch larch will often grow well on them by artificial planting, after the natural growth had been subdued. But there will be some tracts of land in regard to which it is more difficult to decide whether they will be more profitable in grass or wood, and the question may not be susceptible of actual settlement short of a practical trial with a small portion which shall fairly represent the whole.

Where improvement is decided on, it will be impossible to say, in all cases, what would be the best or most economical means. In some cases it may be advisable to plough the land, and in others the condition of the land, as to stones, may render this operation impracticable or too expensive. In some cases drainage is the thing most needed, and in others mere top-dressing with some fertilizer will be found to give the best results in proportion to the expense. A few experiments, fairly made, but on so limited a scale that the cost would be comparatively trifling, might afford a safe guide in regard to the improvement which could be most advantageously adopted.

The attention of the writer has lately been called to various tracts, the owners of which are desirous of improving them if an economical course can be clearly pointed out. A great portion of this land is so stony that ploughing it is out of the question. Most of it is grown up more or less to bushes, and a considerable portion is too wet, as shown by the growth of plants which only flourish where there is too much water for those of a more nutritious character.

The first object in these cases should be to ascertain whether the bushes can be killed and grass be made to grow in their place, at such a rate as to remunerate the owner for the expense. In reference to this it may be suggested that a small piece be taken to begin with; let the bushes be cut close to the ground, in August. Sow on one portion plaster, on another plaster and wood ashes, on another ashes alone and on another superphosphate of lime—noting the cost of each to a given extent of land. Several, if not all of the substances mentioned, will probably start the grass more or less. If the ground is naturally inclined to make a good sward,—as will be shown by those spots not covered with bushes,—the grasses will probably be so much invigorated by the manures, that their growth will check the starting of the sprouts where the bushes were cut. This result will also be aided by the feeding of the stock, which, as the grass will be rendered sweeter and more nutritious by the dressing, will feed it closely, at the same time cropping the tender sprouts, more or less, and by tramping the soil favor the growth of grass and hinder the spread of the bushes. It may be necessary to sow grass-seed in some places.

Two years will probably afford a pretty good indication as to the result of the operation. It may be necessary to repeat the cutting of the bushes, to some extent. The relative effect of the different fertilizers will be obvious, and the farmer can form an opinion whether the application of any of them, or if any what ones, can be made profitable.

Much of the land to which allusion has been made as needing drainage, is the slopes of hills, not boggy, but good, solid land, requiring only to be relieved of the superfluous water in the soil and subsoil, to have the quality of its herbage doubled or quadrupled. On such tracts, a few drains might be dug to the depth of not less than two and a half feet, laid with stones or tile, according to convenience, as either will answer so far as required to test the effects of drainage. If the soil is compact, especially if there is a "hard pan," as is frequently the case, the change in its character will be comparatively slow, requiring two or three years for drains to produce their full effects. But in this period the effect on the quantity and quality of the grass will indicate whether this operation is likely to pay or not.

Solar Heat.

The action of the sun upon the surface of the soil tends to disengage the gaseous and the volatile fluid matter that it contains. And heat increases the rapidity of fermentation, and in the summer fallow, nourishment is rapidly produced at a time when no vegetables present are capable of absorbing it.

Canadian Minerals at the International Exhibition.

Canada is most worthily represented in Class I., thanks to the director of the Canadian Geological Survey, Sir William Logan. Justice compels us to deviate from the course which we have hitherto pursued, and bestow more than a passing notice on this indefatigable geologist. Unaided, he commenced in 1831, a geological survey of part of the great South Welsh coal-field, extending from Owm Avon to Carmarthen Bay, and completed it in seven years, at no small pecuniary sacrifice. Such was the estimate of the accuracy and value of their survey by the director of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, Sir Henry De La Beche, that, with Sir William Logan's consent, it was adapted as a part of the national work. In 1842, Sir William went to Canada, where he has ever since resided, devoting his life with a singleness and earnestness of purpose truly remarkable to the exploration of the structure and the mineral resources of that vast territory. Not having the advantage of an accurate map of the country, such as has been supplied to our home geologists by the Ordnance Survey, he has been obliged to make a topographical survey *pari passu* with a geological one. Few persons can imagine the arduous nature of this work. Our indomitable geologist is often compelled to penetrate the trackless primeval forest, to force his way across the tangled cedar swamp, and brave the dangers of Canadian rapids in a frail canoe; and to these difficulties we may add that his passage is obstructed at every step by the most relentless and invincible foes with which man in these regions has to contend—countless hosts of mosquitoes and black flies. Very different is the comparatively light and gentlemanlike occupation of our home geologists, who have no such hardships to encounter, and, after the pleasant ramble of the day, never fail to enjoy the luxury of an English cottage. Sir William Logan has neither sought wealth nor honors, but has quietly and honestly pursued the one great object of his life with a devotion as rare as it is praiseworthy. Let it not be supposed that this eulogium is prompted by any feeling of personal regard. It is a just tribute, and no more, to a man who has striven during many years to develope the vast mineral resources of Canada, not with a view to his own advantage, but from pure love of his work. We are glad to know that the Canadian Government fully appreciate the value of the labors of this self-denying and faithful public servant. The Canadian territory comprises about 300,000 square miles, and about 100,000 have already been surveyed by Sir William and his small staff of assistants.

Enormous deposits of magnetic iron ore—which when pure, is the richest of all the ores of iron—have been discovered by Sir William Logan, in the Lantentian rocks, which present no traces of organic remains and are the oldest, sedimentary series in the world. The ore occurs interstratified with the rocks containing it. The accumulation of this ore in some localities is so great as to appear incredible. Thus, one bed is not less than 500 feet thick. On the Rideau Canal there is another bed 200 feet thick, which is now worked at Newborough, and from which the ore is conveyed to Kingston on Lake Ontario. From this place it is put on board vessels at a cost $2¼ per ton and taken to Cleveland, on Lake Erie, Ohio, whence it is sent to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, to be smelted. The best quality of ore is met within a bed 25 feet thick in the township of Madoc. Fine samples of all these ores are exhibited. Canada also possesses extensive tracts of bog-iron ore on the north side of the St. Lawrence, and this is the only ore which is at present smelted in the country, charcoal being the fuel. The smelting is conducted at the Raduor Works, which include a forge for the manufacture of iron. At these works a large number of railway wheels are made of cast-iron, derived exclusively from bog-iron ore. Cast from ordinary bog-iron ore is about the last kind of metal many founders would dream of employing for such a purpose; and yet in the Canadian department of Class I, is exhibited a pair of railway wheels which have travelled without showing much evidence of wear, not less than 150,000 miles, about six times round the earth. It should be remembered that in Canada there are great alternations of temperature, the heat of summer being intense, and the cold of winter extremely bitter. These bog ores must be exceptionally free from phosphoric acid; for otherwise they would yield a tender, and not a strong iron like that of which the wheels above mentioned are stated to consist. Massive and characteristic specimens of magnetic ores are exhibited as well as fine specimens of bog iron ore and red hæmatite. Large lumps of red ore from the Silurian rocks are also shown, but they are of inferior value from containing a large amount of earthy matter, and frequently less than 50 per cent. of metallic iron. There is a descriptive catalogue, by Sir W. Logan, of the economic minerals in the Canadian department, which is replete with valuable information, scientific as well as commercial, and we can recommend it with confidence to all who are interested in the subject.—*London Times.*

Trial of Steam Plows.

A correspondent of the *Irish Farmers' Gazette* gives a flattering account of the trial at Farningham, from which we make the following brief extracts:

There were three different kinds of Fowler's apparatus on the ground and working, but to my eye there was only one; his plow, turning four furrows—*charrue a quatre socs*. Next to him was Howard, of Bedford. The plowing the same in every particular, and the whole finished in a style that you don't see once in a hundred—not in a thousand—times by hand. It was a most unequivocal success; the machinery moved regularly and constantly. There was not a longer delay at the headlands than would have been in turning a pair of horses. The plows were as entirely under control as they are in the case of the ordinary plowman; and, indeed, I think on account of the steadiness derived from their weight, a great deal more so. All I can say, in a word, is that it was as well finished, as thoroughly done work, as any farmer could wish to see. There were altogether ten or twelve engines and cultivators at work, but scattered over a circle of at least five miles. Coleman's apparatus did its work very well, smashing up the soil thoroughly, and rather deeper than any of the others.

The land operated upon, in nearly every instance, was clover stubble, rather tenacious in some places, and rather hard and dry in others—in such a state generally, that it could not well have been turned over with an ordinary furrow plow with a good pair of farming horses. I like the plowing, Fowler's as well as Howard's, because the entire green stubble was turned down, the furrows were firmly pressed together, and, I may fairly say, the ground was ready for the seed at one operation.

All the machines on the ground worked along smoothly; some of the engines moving themselves forward as the progress of the work required; others remaining fixed to the same spot all the day. I prefer the former, though each worked well; but, upon the whole, it appeared to me that a great many more hands—men and boys—were required to attend on any of the machines than we usually read of in the papers.

Most Food to the Acre.

Humboldt estimates that an acre of ground planted with bananas, is sufficient to support fifty men, while the same extent of land in wheat would barely supply the wants of three. If the climate of the Valley of the Mississippi would admit of the cultivation of the banana, at the above rate, as there is said to be land enough for eight millions of farms, of one hundred and sixty acres each; one half, or four millions, would sustain a population of thirty-two thousand millions, which is more than thirty times the present population of our globe.

Flour from Indian Corn.

An American gentleman residing in England is writing a series of letters on the agriculture of that country, for the *Prairie Farmer*. In a recent letter he speaks of the importance of the Indian corn crop to our own country, and says:

"But it is not surprising that the English do not use Indian corn, when we see what condition the little they have here is in. Corn cannot be shipped across the ocean without injury. I have not yet seen any that has been landed that would rate above rejected by Chicago inspection, and I conclude if it were sent as meal it would be still worse. No wonder, then, people will not eat it, for it is really not eatable.

The first great fact which Americans must learn in preparing corn for food, is to bolt it like wheat and make flour of it, and not meal. Give the meal to hogs and cattle, but put *flour* into the house for food, and we shall soon learn to love it if properly cooked. Thus two hundred years of practice with the great American product has failed to teach people the first step in the progress of proper preparation of corn for bread, or use in the family—that is the separation of the hulls, or the hard substance which nature provides for the covering of the kernel. Bolt Indian corn as we do wheat, is the only successful way of getting people to love it.

We know, too, that Indian meal, ground for family use, in the usual manner, soon spoils, grows strong and musty. Therefore, family consumption has been confined to taking a few messes from the bag, ground for the hogs, waiting for the next milling before meal can be used. We then learn the fact that if we would preserve Indian flour for common use, as we would wheat flour it must be kiln-dried. Corn, kiln-dried before grinding, will grind more rapidly, will crumble more crisply into the natural particles, or grains, into which, as flour, it should be reduced. It does not follow that because we make flour of corn that we must necessarily make it as *fine* as wheat flour. If we did so, we should spoil it again. Proper Indian flour will be in grains, and will feel *gritty* like fine sand. Into this form it will come more completely when it has been kiln-dried. It being hard and brittle, the kernel in being ground, breaks into natural divisions, and these grains, when magnified, seem like natural granulations, supposed to be cells, in which the oily substance, or some of the valuable constituent elements are retained. Such flour is lively, life-like and fine-flavored when cooked.

Therefore, in the preparation of Indian corn for food, it should be *bolted*, and should be kiln-dried Indian flour, Then there are some common-sense rules to be observed in the cooking—one particularly, *cooking it a great deal*—(Indian meal is not generally half cooked)—it wants more cooking than any other kind of flour or meal; and we shall find what a really delightful and useful article Indian corn is for human food. Until Americans have learned these simple yet important facts, Englishmen cannot be expected to have learned them. In this form, if we put Indian corn before them, there will be no difficulty, in time, in creating a large and steady demand for it."

Ashes for Sandy Soil.

Of all the manures within reach of the farmer, I consider ashes the cheapest and most durable for sandy soils. For clover on sandy land, it has no equal among all the manures and fertilizers of the day. The soil in this vicinity is a loose sandy soil; in fact, we have, as it were, a prairie of sand plain, such as were found in nearly every portion of our country fifteen years ago. They appear never to have been charged with vegetable matter, for even when the timber is first removed, and the land cleared and put to rye and other crops, they yield liberally only for one or two years, before they required generous manuring. It is loose, porous, and without that firmness which is requisite to keep plants in their places, even if their proper food could be found. This land, a few years ago, could have been bought for one-third what it would bring at the present time. The cause of this rise in the price of land, is a liberal supply of muck and ashes. The muck is drawn on in winter and spread over the land; the ashes are applied in the spring, at the rate of 75 bushels to the acre; after corn is planted it is put on the hill or sown broadcast. The general rule is to plant with corn and put the ashes on the hill; sow to rye in the fall as soon as the corn is removed; seed with clover the following spring. The following season, after the rye is removed, the seed is gathered from the clover, and the straw left standing on the ground. This is done with one of Disbroe's Clover Strippers, an excellent machine for the purpose. Two bushels of seed are frequently obtained from an acre; the straw thus left standing forms an excellent substance in connection with the muck, to fill the pores or open places between the particles of sand, and supply proper food when acted upon by the salts around it. I have known portions of these plains, the surface of which, to all appearance, had not been covered with vegetation within the memory of man—where the blackberry vines grew weak and feeble, and five finger vines grew weak and far between, so completely invigorated and enriched in a few years, as to produce thirty bushels of rye, or two bushels of clover seed to the acre. Those lands thus brought to a state of fertility, are capable of yielding a crop every year, under the application of ashes, as those lands that have never been reduced. The owners of farms of heavy loam have heretofore considered these sandy plains of little value, as compared with theirs; but I would sooner cultivate a corn crop on them than on the heavier loam land. I can work two acres of the sand as cheap as one of the heavier land, because the plowing and hoeing can be done with less team and help, and in much less time. Ashes here can be bought for 12½ cents per bushel, and I think are worth 25 cents to be applied on sandy soil in connection with muck. This mode of operation for the treatment of sandy soil, so as to bring it on an equal footing in point of productiveness, requires no uncommon skill, but commends itself to the practice of all—for any common manager of a farm may accomplish it without the aid of any adjuncts of chemistry, or what are called special manures, but by using merely those great gifts of nature.—S. P. Keator, in *Country Gent.*

Planting Evergreen Trees in August and September.

Evergreens are always in leaf, and it is therefore important, in planting, to secure a *quick* action of the roots, in order to sustain the foliage. Early in the spring the ground is cold and wet, and the roots cannot take hold; and therefore sharp, drying winds are very likely to exhaust the tree of all its juices before a new supply can be furnished. Late fall planting is still worse—for the roots remain dormant a much longer time, and evaporation from the leaves is going on, to some extent, throughout the winter. In May and June the ground becomes warm—the roots are ready for action—and consequently, the time is favorable for removal.

But the conditions are even more favorable in August and September. At this season the ground is thoroughly warmed through, and as the nights begin to be cool and dewy, the earth gives, as it were, a gentle bottom heat. It is surprising to find with what readiness and vigor the roots now act—often showing signs of growth within three days after planting. There is this additional advantage over May,—that the tree has made all its growth for the season, and early matured its wood,—so that it is not in need of such a flow of sap as when the young growth is starting, or is succulent, and the plant has need of all its energies. During the autumn months, the earth being warmer than the atmosphere, while the wood is simply maturing, not growing, the roots on the contrary are in vigorous action, and will insure sufficient strength to resist the succeeding winter, and also the best possible condition for subsequent growth.

Lime Wash for Shingles.

Thomas Goodspeed, South Sandwich, thus relates, through the Boston *Cultivator*, his experience in the use of a lime-wash for shingles:

"You ask of your readers information respecting lime-wash for shingles. I will give you my experience respecting it. Twenty-eight years ago I built a porch on the main body of the house, running out west. Some twelve or fifteen years after, I saw the north roof covered with moss. I took a scraper and went out and scraped it off, and had to work carefully lest I should injure the shingles, they were so soft in consequence of their having been covered with the moss, which had grown there. I thought I should now have to shingle the roof again. I had about half a bushel of slaked lime, and I put it on the roof. My neighbors told me it would rend the shingles. Pretty soon a rain came and made it into a thick whitewash, running off the house, covering the windows below, so that it was difficult to see through them for some time.

About six or seven years since I saw moss gathering there again, and having more slaked lime, I threw it on the roof. I looked up there to-day, and thought if I had some more lime to put there before a good rain, my shingles might remain there some ten years more, while the south roof, which has had no lime put on it, had to be shingled, a part of it, some four or five years since.

If any one should notice, they might see, from the chimney down to the eaves of the roof, the shingles bright and fair, where the water, having struck the chimney laid in lime mortar, had washed them, and each side, where the water had passed down, the shingles covered with moss, and that, while wet, would naturally rot the shingles, and when it was dry, expose the house to fire, if a spark from the chimney were to lodge there. I believe that lime is very good for wood exposed to the weather."

Best Climate for Sheep.

Sheep can stand cold weather without injury if it is *dry*. Sudden changes and cold rains are very injurious. We believe sheep require shelter quite as much in the Southwest as at the North. The weather is not as cold, but is more changeable, and the sheep frequently get thoroughly soaked to the skin. In this condition a cold raw wind and a damp soil can not help but carry off much of the heat which is necessary to the well-being of the sheep. The natural heat of the body of sheep (105°) is much higher than that of horses and cattle. This heat is kept up by the consumption of food (or burning of fuel) in the lungs, etc., of the animal. To prevent this heat from flying off, the sheep are provided with a good warm coat of wool. To be effectual, however, the coat must be kept dry. In a cold, dry climate, if the wool get a little wet on the outside it is soon frozen, and this acts as a coat of mail, with a good warm lining of dry wool inside, so that the heat from the warm body within does not fly off. It it said that the Scotch Highlanders in olden times when exposed during frosty nights, wet their plaids before lying down to sleep, and by holding them a short time from their bodies they were frozen in a stiff hard board, sufficiently thick and impervious to defend them from the cold. The slight coat of frozen wool acts in the same way. But in wet weather there is no such protection, and so it is that you will find it equally important to provide shelter in the warm, but wet and changable, climate of the Southwestern States.

Leached Ashes.

Prof. Buckland, the able editor of the *Canadian Agriculturist*, says:

"Wood ashes always contain a considerable amount of carbonate of potash, lime, etc., and are consequently very beneficial to such plants as require large quantities of these alkalies, such as Indian corn, turnips, beets and potatoes. Leached ashes have lost much of the principal alkaline salts, and have been deprived of the greatest part of their most important soluble ingredients; still they must not be regarded as an unimportant fertilizer, and other matter which they contain is always more or less beneficial to the soil. Unless the land is well worked and contains sufficient organic matter, we should not consider ashes, whether leached or unleached, as alone adequate to the production of a good crop of wheat, turnips or corn."

There is something about old leached ashes that we do not understand, though we have given the subject considerable attention. We have seen instances where old leached ashes have had an excellent effect on wheat, while unleached ashes seemed to do no good. We have thought that perhaps the potash and soda which had been washed out, were replaced by ammonia and nitric acid from the atmosphere. The subject is one worthy of investigation. At all events, it is certain that leached ashes frequently have a very beneficial effect; and if the above hypothesis is true, the older they are the better.—*N. E. Farm.*

The Plum-Tree Wart.

From the fact that the larvæ of the curculio is often found in the singular excrescence called the black wart or knot, it has been inferred that this insect is the originator of the injury. E. Low of Bangor, Me., writes to the *Gardener's Monthly*, that he, several years since, adopted the plan of picking up and burning all the plums which fell from being bitten by the curculio. By this means he has obtained fine crops of plums, free from the attack of the insect. But he has found the wart or knot more troublesome. He says he has made it a rule to cut it out on its first appearance, "never leaving it on the tree over night; yet in the *entire absence* of the curculio on the fruit, I have had to use my

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, Sept. 11, 1862.

Notice.

☞Mr. Jas. Sturgis will call upon subscribers to the *Farmer* in the Province of Nova Scotia, during the months of September and October.

The Materials for Paper.

There is beginning to be a scarcity of paper-stock throughout the country. Cotton and linen waste and pieces of cotton cloth after they have served their original purpose and in the form of "paper-rags" have been discarded from further use, have long been the chief reliance for the manufacture of paper, as they have been found better adapted for this purpose, and more cheaply obtained than any other material. But for a year past, everything of this description has been forwarded to the army for use in dressing the wounds of our soldiers. Almost every family throughout our country has contributed all of such materials that they could spare, and this has to a considerable degree diminished the quantity of what has been heretofore a chief paper-making material. Within the past week, a gentleman representing a large paper manufactory in Massachusetts has been in our city purchasing at a cost of two dollars per one hundred lbs., every description of old printed or written paper that could be obtained; and the amount of old public documents, old papers and books, musty, ancients ledgers and day books, before considered worthless, which he carried away, was quite astonishing. It has led to a few reflections on the materials for paper making.

From the year 1714—the time when the first paper mill was erected in the United States—to about 1770 there was no difficulty in obtaining a supply of materials for the manufacture of paper. In that year there were about 40 mills in operation. In the New England States and in New York, the supply of paper at this time was far short of the demand, and it was with great difficulty that a sufficient supply of rags was obtained for the use of the mills. There was not that care taken by the people in preserving their waste cloth, that was afterwards exercised; and the papers of the day contained advertisements when "bell carts" would call at the houses in a certain district to collect the rags; and stirring appeals in verse and prose were made to the patriotism of the ladies—through the newsprints—making offers of 3*d* per lb. for clean white cotton or linen rags, and 2*d* for white, brown, blue and check; and even then the quantities obtained were very limited. Such was the scarcity of paper making materials that in 1804 a company of American printers and booksellers offered premiums to any one who would make the greatest quantity of paper from other materials than cotton or linen rags; and about 1800 rags began to be largely imported into this country from Europe, which consisted mainly of old sails and junk. In 1840, by improved machinery, and new methods of dressing and bleaching, chiefly by the use of chlorine, which rendered the most coarse materials available for the making of a good quality of paper, a great impetus was given to the business; so much so that the value of the old rags, &c., imported in that year amounted to $560,000, and the imports of paper to $150,000. In 1854, there were 750 paper mills in the U. S. producing annually about 250,000,000 lbs. of paper, valued at $25,000,000. To make this amount of paper, required over 400,000,000 lbs. of rags. The great increase in the manufacture and domestic use of cotton cloth during the last thirty years, has been a means of continuing the increased demand for rags for paper making; as cotton waste and cotton rags have been the chief material for purpose. It is stated that it requires about 30 tons of paper per week, to print the various editions of the *N. Y. Tribune*—which added to the immense amount consumed by other papers and the book publishing establishments of our country, must make the entire amount used, an enormous quantity. Where—considering the present scarcity of paper-stock—are the materials for our newspaper and books coming from?

Those vegetable fibres which have a corrugated edge, easily macerated into a pulp with water, are suitable for paper making; and of these those are of course preferred which can be obtained in the greatest abundance and converted with the least labor into pulp. Nothing has yet been found better fitted for this purpose than the fibres of cotton and flax, after they are thrown aside as rags. The various qualities of white paper, were until within the past ten or twelve years, made almost wholly of these materials; but now coarser materials are employed such as the waste of rope manufactories and cotton mills, and by the perfecting of machinery are converted into very nice white paper. In addition to these materials, hempen bale ropes, and worn out India bagging, shipped in large quantities from Great Britain are now used for the making of paper of a coarser quality. Straw is used to some extent, both alone, and mixed with rags, and thus used is manufactured to paper suitable for printing. The cane or reed of the swamps of the Southern States furnishes a fibrous material that can be used for this purpose. Basswood or linden is used exclusively in some of the mills of northern New York, but its fibre is said to be rather brittle and tends to fall to a powder if reduced to a pulp. Paper made from the wood of the hemlock has also been used to some extent in this country for newspapers. Some writers give a list of over one hundred substances capable of being made into paper, all of which have been experimented upon to some extent: of these however, the chief dependence must be first upon rags; then upon the waste of rope mills and cotton factories; then upon straw; and finally upon basswood. In Germany, straw is extensively used for the making of paper; in France, basswood; and in Russia a plant known as our common "milk weed" or silk weed, has recently been employed in producing a fibre for this purpose. The inventive genius of our Yankees must however, find a substitute for cotton and linen waste for the making of paper, or the number of our newspapers and books must be diminished.

☞Robinson's fine stallion, Gen. McClellan, has done a splendid business during the past season. We understand that about seventy-five mares have been served by him, making a very handsome income for his owner. A few weeks since we had the privilege of seeing this magnificent animal trotted for a short distance over the road. We have no idea of the time made by him, but the busy manner in which he handled his feet for a distance of a quarter of a mile, bordered somewhat on the marvelous. His style and action is unapproachably superb, and he is in every respect the most perfect specimen of horse flesh we ever saw. When he is matched for a trial of speed with some competitor worthy of his mettle, may we be there to see.

☞Mr. Ferdinand Tracy of Minot has called upon us and satisfactorily adjusted his account of collections made some time since of subscribers to the *Farmer*. The delay in doing so has been the result of misunderstanding, and in no degree impeaches the honesty or faithfulness of Mr. Tracy, whose honorable connection with the press for many years, first as publisher and subsequently as newspaper agent, is widely known in the community. It affords us much pleasure thus to be able to remove any unfavorable impression which might possibly have been created by the paragraph a few weeks since in which, not knowing his post office address, we called his attention publicly to an outstanding matter of business.

The War News of the Week.

We can give our readers this week no very encouraging statement of the condition of affairs in Virginia, or in any other portion of the widely-extended field of operations south and west. Overmatched and outgeneralled by the enemy, Gen. Pope has been compelled to fall back to the fortifications in front of Washington, where his exhausted and decimated army, after more than a week of desperate fighting and disheartening retreat, have at last found refuge and rest. We give in another column from the New York *Tribune* a clear and succinct account of the operations of the war in Virginia, from the commencement of active operations under Gen. Pope and the evacuation of James river by Gen. McClellan to the closing event at Centerville, whence, finding his left endangered by a powerful flank movement of the enemy, and with insufficient force to withstand the desperate and persistent assaults in front, he was able to retreat in good order with little further loss, to the entrenchments erected for the protection of the capital.

This mortifying condition of things and the causes which have led to it, are variously commented upon and accounted for by those who claim to have been in a position to form an intelligent judgment of the merits of the campaign. On the one hand it is confidently alleged that to the tardyness of McClellan in effecting the evacuation of the peninsula, when ordered to do so by Gen. Halleck, for the purpose of supporting Pope in his advance movement upon Richmond, and his subsequent refusal or neglect to push forward the fresh columns of Sumner and Franklin immediately on their arrival at Alexandria, in time to take part in the battle of Saturday, which was fought by Pope against terrible odds, and resulted in the loss of all the advantages gained by him in the fighting of the previous day; is attributable the final disastrous issues of the protracted and bloody conflict. On the other hand, it is denied that there was any unnecessary delay in McClellan's movements, but on the contrary, it is urged that the forces under his command were actively instrumental in saving our army from utter annihilation by Stonewall Jackson and in securing an orderly retreat made necessary by the mismanagement and incapacity of Gen. Pope. It is not our province to decide where the blame, if any, may rest in this matter. An official investigation has been ordered, which, we cannot doubt, will fix the responsibility aright, and enable the government and the people to visit a righteous retribution upon the neglect or incompetency which has so fearfully imperilled the country.

Meanwhile, the government is exerting itself promptly to remedy and repair the disasters of the campaign. Gen. McClellan has been placed in command of the forces for the defence of Washington. Under his direction the army is already in process of re-organization—the old divisions are renovated and strengthened by the incorporation of brigades of new troops into their broken and decimated ranks, and officers who have shown themselves best fitted for the work of war are placed in command. Men like Heintzleman and Hooker, Banks, Sigel and Burnside, whose capacity and valor have been tried in the terrible ordeal of battle, and in whom the army have confidence, will lead our soldiers in new conflicts with the enemy, and achieve successes which will obliterate the recollection of all former defeats.

It was supposed that the immense losses and exhaustion of the rebels, consequent upon the protracted contest, would make it necessary for them to suspend offensive demonstrations for some days to enable them to recruit their strength and reorganize their forces. In this it seems we have underestimated the energy and resources of the confederate leaders. Having securely cooped us up in the fortifications of Washington, and confidently counting upon the temporary weakness and demoralization of our army, they seize the golden opportunity offered them of crossing the Upper Potomac to replenish their exhausted commissariat from the rich harvest fields of Maryland and carry out the long-cherished design of restoring the State, whose treasonable proclivities have been probably kept in abeyance only by military power, to the rebel confederacy.

A large force under Lee and Jackson, reported 30,000 strong, crossed the river near the Point of Rocks on Friday night last, and the next day occupied Frederic City, some twenty-five miles north from the river. No effectual resistance was offered to their crossing, for the reason that our forces in that vicinity were insufficient to dispute their passage. They have also succeeded in crossing in considerable force at other points, and are said to occupy Poolsville and Darnstown, their cavalry scouring the country for horses, cattle and provision. The movement is a desperate and perilous one, and may cost them dear. Gen. Halleck of course has not been taken altogether by surprise, and in all probability the contingency has been anticipated and sufficiently provided against.

Gen. Wool is reported to be moving with a heavy force from Baltimore to intercept the rebel advance, and Harper's Ferry is swarming with troops who it is believed will be able to interpose in the rear and cut off his retreat. We hope an energy and activity will be displayed by them at least equal to that of the enemy.

The apparent success of the rebels is not confined to Eastern Virginia and the Potomac river alone. Latest despatches give us information of guerilla raids into Western Virginia, and the capture of several towns in that portion of the State with large quantities of arms and military stores. They have even crossed the river into Ohio, capturing and carrying off horses and other property.

In Kentucky almost the entire southern and central portions of the State are in rebel possession, and both Louisville and Cincinnati are threatened. Energetic measures are being taken for the defence of these places, the entire loyal population being under arms, and troops in overwhelming numbers are advancing to meet and drive back the enemy.

In Tennessee, important events are transpiring. For some weeks past Nashville has been cut off from railroad and telegraphic commnication with Louisville, and the Cumberland river is so low that the city cannot be defended by the gunboats. The rebels have been able to concentrate a large force in the vicinity, which may compel the withdrawal of our troops for the present as a military necessity. Indeed it is reported that Gen. Buell has already ordered the evacuation of the city.

It will therefore be seen from the above summary of our affairs throughout the country that the work of crushing out the rebellion has rather retrograded than gone forward for the past few weeks, and that it will require wiser and more energetic efforts by the Government, and renewed sacrifices by the people, to turn the current of defeat and disaster now apparently setting against us. The people are equal to any demand upon their patriotism—it remains to be seen if the Government and our military leaders are equal to what is required of them in this emergency.

☞Rev. J. W. Hanson, formerly editor of the *Gospel Banner*, now of Haverhill, Mass., has been appointed Chaplain of the Massachusetts Sixth, the regiment which encountered the mob in Baltimore, on the memorable 19th of April, 1861. The 6th has volunteered for nine months service.

☞We are happy to learn that Rev. Dr. Tappan of this city, who was thrown from his carriage a week or two since, and seriously injured, his horse becoming frightened by the cars at the railroad crossing in Hallowell, is now rapidly recovering, from the effects of the accident.

THE STATE ELECTION. Very little interest seemed to be manifested in the election yesterday in this city, and we presume it was the same throughout the State. The aggregate vote however was nearly the same as last year. The following is the vote of Augusta for Governor:

	Coburn.	Jameson.	Bradbury.
Ward 1,	120	51	33
2,	141	33	30
3,	154	41	35
4,	52	30	24
5,	51	41	13
6,	47	43	4
7,	57	32	4
	622	271	143

J. S. Turner and Samuel Cony, Esqrs. the Republican candidates to the Legislature, were elected by about the same vote. Next week we shall be able to give the result of the election throughout the State, only a few scattering returns having been received previous to going to press.

P. S. We find in the Bangor *Whig* of this morning returns from 90 towns, which give the following vote for Governor: Coburn, 17,039; Jameson, 2730; Bradbury, 11,516.

THE 20TH MAINE. This fine regiment, the fifth and last of our three years quota, left Portland on Tuesday morning 3d inst. They arrived in Boston the same evening, and with the 36th Massachusetts regiment, embarked for Washington on board the steamer Merrimac. The following is the Roster of the Field, Staff and Line officers of the regiment:

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel—Adelbert Ames, Rockland.
Lieut. Colonel—Joshua L. Chamberlain, Brunswick.
Major—Charles D. Gilmore, Bangor.
Adjutant—John M. Brown, Portland.
Quartermaster—Moses M. Brown, Brownville.
Surgeon—N. P. Munroe, Belfast.
Assistant Surgeons—Nahum A. Hersom, Sanford; Sircella A. Bennett, New Portland.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant Major—Weston H. Keene, Bremen.
Quartermaster Sergeant—Howard L. Prince, Cumberland.
Drum Major—Andrew J. Philbrick, Thomaston.

LINE OFFICERS.

Company A—Isaac S. Bangs, Jr., Capt., Waterville; Addison W. Lewis, 1st Lieut., Waterville; Charles W. Billings, 2d Lieut., Clinton.
Company B—Phineas M. Jefferds, Capt., Foxcroft; James Lylord, 1st Lieut., Sebec; Walter G. Morrell, 2d Lieut., Williamsburg.
Company C—Isaac H. McDonald, Capt., Bucksfield; Frank G. Russell, 1st Lieut., Rumford; Augustus A. Strickland, 2d Lieut., Livermore.
Company D—Isaac W. Haskell, Captain, Garland; Edw. B. Fifield, 1st Lieut., Dexter; Oliver D. Chapman, 2d Lieut., Exeter.
Company E—Atherton W. Clark, Capt., Waldoboro'; Joseph B. Fitch, 1st Lieut., Bristol; Geo. F. Sumner, 2d Lieut., Sumner.
Company F—Timothy F. Andrews, Capt., Harmony; Hosea Allen, 1st Lieut., Wellington; Edwin Folsom, 2d Lieut., Harmony.
Company G—Ellis Spear, Capt., Wiscasset; Joseph F. Land, 1st Lieut., Edgecomb; Joseph J. Hoffses, 2d Lieut., Jefferson.
Company H—Henry C. Merriam, Captain, Houlton; Daniel Stimson, 1st Lieut., Biddeford; Wm. C. Bailey, 2d Lieut., Garland.
Company I—Lysander Hill, Capt., Thomaston; Sam'l T. Keen, 1st Lieut., Rockland; Prentiss M. Fogler, 2d Lieut., Hope.
Company K—Charles L. Strickland, Capt., Bangor; James H. Nichols, 1st Lieut., Brunswick; William W. Morrell, 2d Lieut., Livermore.

CASUALTIES AMONG THE AUGUSTA SOLDIERS. Sergeant Orrison Wood of this city, a member of the 5th Maine Battery was killed in one of the recent engagements in Virginia. All the guns of the battery were captured by the enemy. Lt. Silas C. Barker of this city, of the Maine Company of Sharp-shooters, is reported wounded and a prisoner. Lewis Selbing and Geo. W. Thompson of this city, members of Company B, 3d regiment, are reported killed; Lt. Warren Cox and Corp. Wm. McDavitt of this city, both of the same company, are reported wounded. George L. Fellows of Co. I, is reported missing. The Third and Fourth were in Kearney's division at the battle of Chantilly on Monday, in which the enemy were routed and driven back. In this action after Generals Kearney and Stevens were killed, the command was taken by Gen. Birney, who fought the enemy till most of his ammunition gave out. He then gave orders to take the cartridges from the enemy's dead and our own, then lying on the field, which we held. This was done, and the men, with a shout, drove the rebels for more than a mile.

THE NEW MAINE REGIMENTS. The best information we can obtain of the present whereabouts of the new Maine regiments, locates them as follows: The 10th is in Virginia. One company is detailed to guard headquarters. Three companies are garrisoning three forts, doing service as heavy artillery. Permission has been asked to raise the regiment to the number of 1800 and turn them into heavy artillery. The *physique* of the Regiment is highly praised.

The 17th is on the Maryland side of the Potomac.

The 18th has crossed over and occupies a position on the Virginia side.

The 19th arrived at Washington on the 29th, and is now encamped on the Virginia side of the river. Capt. Welch's company of this city is doing garrison duty at Fort Baker.

The 20th, sailed from Boston on Wednesday last in the steamer Merrimac for Washington, but no information has been received of its arrival.

A SUNDAY IN ALBANY. A friend writing us from Albany, N. Y., under date of Sunday, Aug. 31st, gives the following idea of the manner in which the patriotic people of that city passed the day under the inspiration of the stirring news from Virginia. He says:

"The fires of patriotism are kindled in the old Dutch city. To-day is the last chance to volunteer, and it has been improved. I can already see that these war meetings, held to-day, have accomplished some good. It has helped break down a sectarian spirit. Upon one stand I heard and saw a Unitarian and a Baptist clergyman meet—they would not speak in each others' pulpits, but here they met on the pulpit dedicated to our country, and stood side by side. Here, too, the Priest and the Methodist clergyman shook hands. All were united in the assertion that it was the duty of every christian, who could, to gird on his armor and march to victory. I have heard eight war speeches to-day. In one thing I saw a marked change. Here in the old city that has been pro-slavery from her birth, every speaker proclaimed that the time had come for us to say that every man *shall* be free, and that the war had assumed such a position that it must be one of extermination, *and all the people said Amen!* Most of those who made these remarks are men, who, last spring, would have called such utterances treason. The city is filled with soldiers, waiting for arms. Three regiments went Saturday and one this afternoon."

☞Capt. Thos. Hight, formerly Lieut. Colonel of the 1st Maine Cavalry and for some time stationed in Augusta was taken prisoner by the rebels near Manassas. He resigned his commission previous to the departure of the regiment for Washington and had resumed his position as Captain of the 2d regular cavalry. The N. Y. *Herald* states that the first question asked him by his captors was, whether he belonged to Pope's army. Colonel Fitzburg Lee took him in charge, and told him that he could not be paroled until Stonewall Jackson should come up or fall in with them. He was put upon a horse, and rode with Lee, except whenever they came in collision with our own troops he was sent to the rear, so that he might be out of danger. When Stonewall Jackson came up the next day Captain Hight was paroled. He was given to understand that if he had been under General Pope's command he would have been sent to Richmond. Capt. Hight has arrived in this city.

☞About 250 recruits for the old regiments left this city by steamboat, on Monday *en route* for the seat of war. Another detachment of two hundred men leave to-day in the cars.

☞We are under obligations to Mr. Harrison G. Clark for the present of a basket of apples which he calls the Janiton—a very excellent fruit for fall eating.

THE EFFECTS OF THE WAR UPON SLAVERY. A correspondence between Mr. Seward, our Secretary of State, and Lord John Russell, the English Premier, upon the aspects and results of the present war, has been published. Mr. Seward's letter, written in May last, is devoted mainly to an argument against the intervention of foreign powers, based upon the consideration that such intervention, if it should be made effectual to accomplish the disintegration of the country and secure the independence of the revolted States, or even if the contest between the two sections be indefinitely protracted thereby, would in either event, inevitably result in a servile insurrection, not only disastrous in its consequences to the South, but completely destructive to European interests in this country, which in so large a degree are dependent upon the unrestricted production of cotton, tobacco, and rice by negro labor.

Mr. Seward makes a suggestion in reference to the practical effects of the present rapid exodus of the slaves from rebel bondage, and their employment as free laborers in the north, which gives a new aspect, and possibly a solution to the question, how far the anticipated influx of the negro population may be made an advantage rather than an injury to us. Speaking of the disorganization of industry in the insurrectionary States, growing out of the rebellion, he says:

"On the other hand, this disorganization operates far less injuriously at present to the Federal Government and the loyal States. Every African laborer who escapes from his service, is not only lost to the support of the insurrection, but he brings an accession to the productive labor of the loyal States, and to that extent increases their ability to continue the contest in which they are reluctantly engaged. The failure of foreign importation of Southern staples stimulates the manufacturing industry of the loyal States. Immigration is accelerated by an activity in these States resulting from extended manufactures and the prosecution of the war. Thus has the phenomenon appeared, disappointing so many prophecies in Europe, that the war impoverishes and exhausts only the insurrection and not the Union."

KILLED AND WOUNDED IN MAINE REGIMENTS. From the very incomplete lists of our killed and wounded in the late battles in Virginia, which have been published in the Boston and New York journals, we gather the following losses in the several Maine regiments which took part in the engagements, in addition to those published last week:

KILLED. Serg. Freeman, 5th; H H Gilmore, 2d; J E Fletcher, A Harris, J McCormick and E Whitney, 5th Battery; Lieut. Fessenden, 2d Battery, wounded, since dead.

WOUNDED. P Roberts, Richard Robinson, Co. A; J E Faulkner, Co. E; A F Pennelton, Co. D; H E Burgess, Co. E; C M Bartey, Co. E, and H O Nicholson, Co. H, all of the 1st Me. Cavalry.

J R Veazie, J Morrill, W A Brown, S G Tenney, A F White, Henry Barry, V W Palmer, M J Sargent, D J Collins, Orrin Templeton, Co. D, John S Knowles, Burbank Loring, Corp. Wm Mason, Theo Sargent, David F Page, H H Blackwell, Co. F; J W Curtis, Co. I; A M Doherty; G O Miller, A Fenton; W F Elliot; Corp. H Hackett; S Goddard, Co. C; Geo Hermon; E Loring Co G; Geo O Miller; Serg. Cyrus Sweat, John Curtiss, Serg. Macomber, Co. I; Capt. Foss, Co. I; Capt. P Spear; Powers, Gen. Martindale's Staff; A B Lewis, Co E; S B Fowler, Co. A, all of the 2d regiment. R S Cobb, C J Ellis, H C Bailey, 10th; C A Libby, W A Dolloff, Corp. J G Rose, 5th; Lieut. Walker, 6th; H C Carter, Co. E, 3d.

In addition to the above, we find published as official, the following list of losses in the 3d and 4th Maine regiments. These regiments composed a part of Birney's brigade, Kearney's division, which was attached to Heintzelman's corps. We notice the names of three Augusta boys in the list:

THIRD MAINE. *Killed.*—Geo W Thompson, Co. B; Lewis Selbing, Co. B; Serg. G E Gower, Co. C; S S McFall, Co. C; J E Purrington, Co. D; Serg. G E Russell, Co. E; H C Caster, Co. E; S S Desmall, Co. E; Perley Smith, Co. E; A P Herrick, Co. G; Joseph Perry, Co. F.

Wounded.—Corp. F R Blaslaw, Co. A; G A Harper, Co. A; Lieut. Warren Cox, Co. B; Corp. Ed Smith, Co. A; Corp. Wm McDavitt, Co. B; Corp. Wm McDonald, Co. B; Serg. H W Jarvis, Co. C.

Missing—J W Kimball, Co. C; Corp. Turner Farnum, Co. D; Serg. C M Bunley, Co. E; Wm F Bragg, Co. E; E A Colcott, Co. E; C M Dodge, Co. E; C E Morrill, Co. E; Geo W Stewart, Co. F; Jas Lambert, Co. F; Luther Williamson, Co. F; C C Griffin, Co. G; Samuel Austin, Co. F; Lewis Bragg, Co. F; Corp. F M Boynton, Co. I; Briggs Turner, Co. I; Geo L Fellows, Co. I; Jas Dorick, Co. I; Serg. J C Ricker, Co. K; Corp. B W Smart, Co. K; A P Batchelder, Co. K; Andrew Butler, Co. K; Geo A Butler, Co. K; Jas C Carroll, Co. K; A H Frost, Co. K; Chas H Smiley, Co. K; W G Wilson, Co. K.

FOURTH MAINE. *Killed.*—Serg. Franklin Achorns, Co. C; Chas Clark, Co. D; Jas A Hatch, Co. E; G W Robinson, Co. F; Moses E Debock, Co. H; Chas Brown, Co. K; Wm S King, Co. H.

Wounded.—Marvin McManus, Co. A; Aaron Trupell, Co. A; Patrick Black, Co. B; D C Norris, Co. B; Edmund Cowan, C. B; H J Dow, Co. B; Samuel L Cain, Co. C; Philander Proctor, Co. C; C H Libbey, Co. C; F E Snowdeal, Co. C; C H Miller, Co. C; Josiah Clark, Co. D; Serg. T G Cowan, Co. B; Corp. Jas G Rhodes, Co. B; Serg. G M Bragg, Co. F; Leach, Co. F; Corp. W H Chick, Co. F; W A Dollis, Co. F; C H Elwell, Co. F; J J Shepherd, Co. F; Corp. Hiram Hackett, Co. G; John Carlton, Co. F; Sewall Sealey, Co. G; Album Sowell, Co. G; George Cox, Co. H; Serg. F P Evans Co. I; Co. I; M H Williams, Co. I; Rufus Lidelinken, Co. I; Wm R Fowler. Co. K.

Missing.—Serg. G R Green, Co. A; Ellis Bigdell, Co. B; C O Murray, Co. B; Corp. O K Fales, Co. C; A Pottle, Co. C; J H Thomas, Co. C; H C Davis, Co. D; S B Holgam, Co. E; Nicholas Butler, Co. E; Timo Bragg, Co. E; E D Tasker, Co. F; Thos Doyle, Co. I.

☞The publication of a new weekly paper has been undertaken in Boston, as its salutatory declares, "not for any private interest, clique or party, but for Liberty, Justice and the Commonwealth of the United States." The paper is entitled *The Commonwealth*, and is published by Jas. M. Stone, at $2 per annum. The articles of the first number are sufficiently earnest and outspoken to leave no doubt neither in regard to the course of the paper upon the great questions which now occupy the public mind, nor its ability to maintain it. We wish the enterprise such success as an honest and unflinching adherence to the highest convictions of duty shall entitle it to.

PATRIOTISM OF THE STUDENTS. It has already been mentioned that seventy-seven of the students of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill had volunteered under the call for nine months troops. We learn also that the students of the Seminary, before prayer meeting last Wednesday evening, scraped one bushel of lint and raised one hundred dollars for the wounded soldiers. One student who rings the bell to aid in paying his expenses, subscribed three dollars.

☞The barracks for the officers and soldiers' quarters at Camp E. D. Keyes in this city are now completed and ready for occupancy. The three regiments to rendezvous here will be made up of the quotas of men from the Counties of Kennebec, Somerset, Lincoln, Sagadhock, Franklin, and Knox with the exception of the towns of Camden, Appleton and Hope. These quotas consist of the following numbers: Kennebec, 744; Somerset, 628: Lincoln, 411; Sagadahoc, 330; Franklin, 339; Knox, 423. Total 2935.

RECRUITS FOR THE CAVALRY. Capts, Cowan and Putman of the 1st Maine Cavalry, who have been recruiting for that regiment throughout the State have enlisted between two and three hundred men—nearly enough to make up the losses in the regiment by sickness and prisoners. Quite a number of these were sent from Bangor each week, and about twenty left here on Monday of the present week.

PATENTS. Among the patents recently granted, we notice the following to parties in Maine: P. S. Boothby of Biddeford assignor to J. W. Brooks and Warren Soule, for improvement in fastening gaiter boots, and Chas. W. Cahoon of Portland for improvement in lamps.

☞The Portland *Argus* states that Hon. S. P. Shaw, of that city has engaged Mrs. Davis an experienced nurse, at his own expense for a year, to attend upon the sick and wounded soldiers of our army in the hospitals. Mr. Shaw makes a noble use of his money.

☞Among the sick soldiers at Portsmouth Grove, in Rhode Island, are two members of the Maine 3d: Elias A. Rowe, Co. H, and Hiram J. Walker, Co. G. George S. Rollins of Co. G. is in hospital at Alexandria, wounded.

The Struggle in Virginia.

The most intelligible and connected account, consistent with brevity, of the movements and operations of the opposing armies in Virginia, which we have seen, is contained a *resume* of the position in the columns of the New York *Tribune*, commencing with the evacuation of the James River by Gen. McClellan and ending with the final withdrawal of our forces under Gen. Pope behind the fortifications of Washington We cannot do our readers a better service than to copy it for their information, as follows:

When Gen. Halleck, after Gen. McClellan's change of base to the James River, was called to the Commandership-in-Chief of the Union armies, it appears to have been resolved that Gen. McClellan's army must be withdrawn from the Peninsula, and united with the Union army then covering Washington on the south and west. Gen. Pope, also from the West, had just before been called to the command of this latter force, known as "the Army of Virginia," in contradistinction from Gen. McClellan's, still awkwardly designated "the Army of the Potomac." Gen. McClellan is understood not to have concurred in the advisability of evacuating the Peninsula, wishing to be re-enforced where he was, and to move thence upon Richmond once more. He was finally overruled; but his opposition is said to have delayed the commencement and retarded the conclusion of his return to the Potomac, which was finally effected some ten days ago. Some portion of his late army still holds Yorktown and the Peninsula below that point to Fortress Monroe.

When it was decided that Gen. McClellan should evacuate the Peninsula, Gen. Pope was pushed forward into the heart of Eastern Virginia to make a diversion in his favor. To this end, his cavalry made repeated and damaging dashes at the Railroad connecting Richmond with Gordonsville, an important Railroad junction, nearly one one hundred miles north-west, while the bulk of Pope's army—then some fifty thousand strong—advanced down the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, which running south-westwardly, connects Alexandria, via Gordonsville and Charlottsville, with Lynchburg in the South-west—of course, crossing both the Rappahannock and Rapidan. Pope also crossed both these streams, and was reported at one time to have occupied Gordonsville, but the subordinate charged with that movement failed to execute it.

Pope's advance, as was calculated, distracted the Rebel attention from McClellan's retreat down the Peninsula, and collected their forces in his front. Being soon outnumbered, he was ordered to fall back, and did so. The bloody but indecisive battle of "Cedar Mountain" was fought between the advance of the two armies respectively, just north of the Rapidan, on Aug. 9. Jackson soon after retreated across the Rapidan—probably to tempt Pope further from his resources. After some days' desultory skirmishing, Pope fell back across the Rappahannock, and stood at bay, guarding the innumerable fords of that river along a line of twenty or thirty miles. The position was, of course, advantageous to the defensive, but liable to be broken through by massing a heavy force at either of a score of points, and breaking the defensive line by a resolute effort. Still, though the enemy (having ordered up everything from Richmond) were undoubtedly much the stronger in numbers, no serious effort to pierce Gen. Pope's line was made. While he thus stood on guard, a Rebel cavalry force under Stuart, some 1,000 to 1,200 in number, pierced his lines at some unguarded ford and made a circuit in his rear, surprising his headquarters at Catlett's Station on the evening of the 22d, and making a considerable haul of his papers, with some money and prisoners. Stuart was, of course, guided to Pope's weakly-guarded headquarters by traitors within our lines. He was himself at the front, twelve miles distant, with most of his Staff, of whom but one was captured.

For some days, an ominous stillness prevailed on the Rebel side of the Rappahannock. No more skirmishers or artillery duels were invited from that side. Few men showed themselves to our expectant forces. "Where are the Rebels?" What are they about?" were the wondering queries. They were soon to be answered, and current expectation that the traitor chiefs would not await the rapid concentration of our new levies at Washington was not to be disappointed.

Early on Sunday morning, Aug. 24th, Stonewall Jackson, with some 30 or 40 thousand trusted veterans in the lightest marching order, without tents or wagons save for ammunition, left the Rebel lines south of the Rappahannock and moved westward, unknown to and unsuspected by Pope. Winding his way among the sources of the Rappahannock in the Blue Ridge, by roads unknown to our side, he turned the right flank of our army, and, emerging unperceived at Thoroughfare Gap, about half way between Manassas Junction and Front Royal, his advance, consisting of Stuart's cavalry, swooped down upon our depot of provisions, clothing, stores, &c., at Manassas like a hawk among a brood of chickens. The small force guarding that point was soon dispersed or captured, and our heavy stores were appropriated as far as possible and the rest destroyed. Railroad trains conveying provisions and munitions to Pope and bringing back wounded, sick, empty cars, &c., were captured and destroyed, those in charge of them running into the jaws of the wolf while unsuspecting any danger.

The capture of the Junction was soon known in Washington, and the 1st New Jersey brigade, under Gen. Taylor, sent down to rectify matters—no one suspecting that there was any thing more serious than another cavalry dash at our lines of communication. By this time, a considerable force of Rebel infantry and artillery had come up, and Gen. Taylor's brigade and trimmings were sent to the right about with little ceremony, and with a loss of several hundred prisoners, who were paroled as soon as possible. And still the Junction, hardly thirty miles from Washington, and nearly as far in the rear of Gen. Pope, was firmly held by the Rebels, who challenged all comers.

Thus far, Gen. Pope would seem to have been completely circumvented. It was nearly Wednesday morning before he knew a word of the nice business going on in his rear. When he *did* learn it, he appears to have acted with a judgment and decision of which our Army movements hitherto have evinced a plentiful lack. Instead of sending back a brigade to re-open his communications, he at once divined that this was no mere cavalry raid on his stores, but a daring if not desperate attempt to isolate him and fall with crushing weight on some part of our forces, preliminary to a bold push upon Washington or Baltimore. So he promptly faced about and started from Warrenton and its vicinity with his whole force—now swelled by re-enforcements to some sixty or seventy thousand—determined to know what all this meant. He marched in three columns by parellel roads. His central column under Hooker (Pope himself with it) first encountered a Rebel Force that afternoon at Kettle Run, a few miles below Manassas, and pushed it back, killing and wounding three hundred of them. Pushing on to Manassas next morning (Thursday), Pope found that place had been evacuated three hours before by Stonewall Jackson, who had moved to Centerville (north) and thence westward up Bull Run—doubtless to avoid a conflict with superior forces and form a speedier junction with the remainder of the rebel army, which was more slowly following on his devious way from the south side of the Rappahannock. McDowell and Sigel's corps followed and overtook him, and a fight ensued with a general advantage to our side, which was only terminated by darkness. Jackson held his ground with desperate tenacity, knowing that a disorderly retreat was destruction, while the bulk of General Lee's army must be coming rapidly to his rescue. We took 1000 prisoners.

Friday morning, Gen. Pope concentrated his forces and pushing on after Jackson, who by this time had been heavily re-enforced by the Rebel main army. A desperate battle ensued, partly on the Bull Run battle-ground of last year, our troops this time approaching it from the south. The Unionists had the best of it, holding the battle-ground at dark, though with a loss of eight thousand killed and wounded. Gen. Pope estimates the Rebel loss as twice that number. We were the assailants throughout.

The next morning (Saturday) the positions were reversed. The Rebel grand army—estimated at two hundred thousand in all—had now nearly or quite all come up, and they, being much the stronger party, assumed the offensive. They gained ground upon us during the day. At night, Gen. Pope's headquartes were at Centreville, to which strong position his whole army had fallen back in good order, and where he had just been joined by Franklin's corps, while Sumner's was well on the way to him. (These are among the best portions of the late Army of the Peninsula.) The two parties had gradually swung round during these terrible conflicts, so that our army is once more in communication with Washington, while the rebels probably hold the positions west and south of Bull Run. Pope unquestionably is in a position of such strength that he can defy the enemy till he is so re-inforced that he can again assume the offensive, while, in the meantime, he is already so strong that they will not venture to leave him in their rear for any advance toward the Northern Potomac.

Latest Telegraphic News.

THE INVASION IN MARYLAND.

150,000 Rebels said to have Crossed the Potomac.

REPORTED INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Government Prepared for the Emergency.

WASHINGTON, 8th. A paroled prisoner who arrived here to-day reports that about 150,000 rebels have passed into Maryland—the body of them on the Monocacy. He had passed through the lines, and counted 27 batteries. This statement is believed among military men in this city.

On Friday 30 of the 1st Massachusetts cavalry were taken prisoners, and paroled, on the upper Potomac.

A report reached here to-day that early this morning there was a skirmish in the neighborhood of Poolesville. To-day many citizens of that neighborhood came to Washington.

NEW YORK, 8. A correspondent of the *Post*, writing near Frederick Junction, Maryland, on Sunday, says:

"As I am closing, I have it from reliable authority that our forces are alive to the situation of affairs, and are moving rapidly on the enemy. It would not be proper for me to say where our forces are, or how large are their numbers, but you may rest assured that they will come out all right in the end. Our soldiers are now fighting to keep their own homes from the desolation visited on Virginia, they know it, and will be nerved to the conflict accordingly. I am anxiously waiting to hear the sound of Hooker's and Sigel's guns, and when I do, I know all will be well.

HARRISBURG, 8th. The latest information from the border, received at 6 o'clock this evening, says that the rebel pickets were then within 12 miles of Hanover, York County.

CHAMBERSBUEG, Pa., 8th. A citizen of this place who left Gettysburg at 2 o'clock this afternoon reports no enemy between Frederick and that place this morning.

Reports from Hagerstown this evening state that the enemy was in force near there.

No telegraphic communication with Hagerstown has been had since 9 oclock.

WASHINGTON, 8th. An escaped prisoner who was in the hands of the rebels four days, says that all the federal forces at Federick, had fallen back to Harper's Ferry, but before doing so, on Thursday night burned the hospital and commissary stores, and removed the sick and wounded.

On Friday afternoon the rebel pickets extended as far as New Market, eight miles south east of Frederick. The federal pickets were withdrawn 36 miles from the same place. The rebels had got possession of only two or three cars at Frederick, one or two of them loaded with old pontoon bridges.

BALTIMORE, 8th. Nothing further has reached here of the movements of the rebels in Maryland. There are many rumors. One is that the rebels are gathering in some place near Winchester, 22 miles from Baltimore. Some officers who have come thither express the opinion that the rebels design moving on Baltimore.

Accounts from Frederick show

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

immediately institute an inquiry into the cause of certain events, with the view of punishing the responsible parties.

Position of the Army in Front of Washington---Matters at Fredericksburg.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4. The work of getting the army into a good position in front of Washington has been accomplished with entire success. So well conducted has been the process of its falling back from Centreville to its present position of defense and perfect security, that not one army wagon was left on the route. Everything was carried through in the most systematic manner. Many of the troops occupy positions a short distance from the positions of last fall and winter. The division of Maj. Gen. Fitz John Porter, composed of the brigades of Gens. Morrell, Martindale, Butterfield and Griffin, have their tents pitched near the camp ground of last year. The tents of the famous Griffin Battery, now commanded by Lieut. Haslett, a gallant officer, who was with the battery at the first battle of Bull Run, have their camp upon the identical piece of ground occupied by them last year.

As is already known, this city and its neighborhood were recently in a feverish state of excitement and alarm, owing to the late battles, and the retrograde movement of our troops; but at the same time a feeling of security was generally felt among our citizens that the capital was not within easy grasp of the enemy.

It has already been stated that a number of gunboats have approached within view of Washington. The appearance of two of them in the vicinity of Georgetown this afternoon was indeed a wonder, such craft never having before appeared in that part of the Potomac. The river shore in that vicinity was lined with spectators and the day being beautiful, and the surrounding scenery and the movements of the troops presented a scene at once beautiful and impressive.

There are numerous reports concerning the movements of the rebel troops. It is difficult to analyze them; but there seems to be no doubt that they have passed to Drainsville, Leesburg and further up the valley.

A gentleman who arrived from Fredericksburg last night, (a Union citizen of Washington) reports that the destruction of bridges over the Rappahannock at that place was not completed by our troops before they evacuated, the wire bridge, passable only for foot passengers and light teams, having only been partially injured, and which has since been repaired by the citizens. Scott's foundery, he represents, was not blown up, as reported, although powder was placed therein for that purpose.

Late from New Orleans---Baton Rouge still held by our Gunboats.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5. By the Fulton to-day, from New Orleans 28th, we have important news from the Department of the Gulf.

New Orleans, though threatened, is defended by nearly all the troops in the Department, who are strongly intrenched, and the city is believed to be safe against any attack the rebels can make.

Baton Rouge has not been burned. Some buildings which obstructed the range of our cannon were burned. This was done in order that the city might be protected by the gunboats after the evacuation by our forces should be accomplished. No other conflagration has taken place there. The town is now held by our gunboats, which have already repulsed a rebel attack, and are competent to protect it.

From Minnesota---Indian Attack Repulsed.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 5. The Indians attacked Forest City on the 3d inst., and were repulsed.

Capt. Strout writes to the Adjutant General from Hutchinson on the 3d, that he was attacked by 150 Indians a part of whom were mounted. The fight lasted 2½ hours, when the Indians gave way. Our loss was 3 killed and 15 wounded.

Capt. Strout also states that the Indians had excellent guns and were dressed partly in citizens clothing and rode horses. He thinks the difficulty in that vincinity will be very serious.

Confederate Steamer at Cardenas---She is Watched by three Federal Vessels.

HAVANA, Aug. 5. On the morning of the 20th inst., I received a telegraphic dispatch from Cardenas, saying that the night before a Confederate vessel of war had anchored in the entrance to the harbor, English, built of iron, and mounting eight guns. She came from Nassau, and reports that she has a crew of one hundred and fifty men, that her name is the Florida, and that she is commanded by Capt. Maffit. This vessel is none other than the Ovieta, lately released by the Admiralty Court at Nassau as an illegal prize. I had news of her before, and was expecting her arrival.

A letter from Nassau told me that she was coming, that she had a crew of seventy men, and that she hoped to complete her crew in Cuba; also that Capt. Semmes, who was to have commanded her, had sailed for Europe, and that Capt. Maffit, who formerly commanded the Crusader, was to command her instead. The first officer of the Florida formerly held the same position on board of the Sumter.

The Florida is lined with iron, and is calculated to resist any ordinary shot.

The news of her arrival was immediately sent from Cardenas, Matanzas and Havana to our squadron at Key West, and there are now three Federal vessels of war waiting for her to make her exit from Cardenas.

The Captain General was much annoyed by her appearance at Cardenas, and ordered her to leave at once for sea, but Capt. Maffit urged that he was in distress and continued to remain there.

There were only 600 tons of coal in Cardenas, yet the Florida has been able to get some, though I am told her officers have to pay $22,50 a ton for it to the Gas Company, and the latter will replace it from this city at $9.

The Captain General has ordered the Naval officer at Cardenas to make a thorough search of the Florida, and if he finds any prisoners on board of her to liberate them.

Our Losses in the late Battles.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5. From careful calculations, it is believed that the entire number of wounded in the late battles will not exceed 6000; killed 1000, and 2000 prisoners, principally picked up by the enemy while straggling, and who with the exception of the officers have been paroled.

Maryland Invaded---The Rebels Cross the Potomac and Occupy Frederic City.

BALTIMORE, 7th. Frederick in this State was undoubtedly occupied yesterday forenoon between 10 and 11 o'clock by the rebels. Part of the force turned off at Buckeytown, as if going either towards the Washington or Baltimore turnpike.

The crossing of the Potomac was effected at three points.

Fugitives who left Frederic last night, report the city is occupied by about 5000 rebels under Gen. Hill, consisting of cavalry, infantry and artillery.

The rebels issued a proclamation promising protection to private property, and appointed a provost guard.

Purchases were being made with U. S. Treasury notes of cattle and horses which were being sent back towards the river.

WASHINGTON, 7th. It appears from private accounts that the rebels crossed the Potomac river on Friday night and early yesterday morning, and thence marched to White Oak Springs, within three miles of Frederick. They crossed both above and below Point of Rocks, and did it in as speedy and quiet a manner as possible. One of their first acts was to send a force to cut the telegraph wire, and seize the bridge over the Monocacy river. The regiment guarding this point evacuated its position on Friday. Great numbers of persons were leaving Frederic to-day and yesterday, and proceeding towards Philadelphia.

The *Times* also has the following despatch, dated 11 o'clock Saturday night:

The latest intelligence from the upper Potomac states that Jackson and his army entered Frederic this forenoon. They have possession of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. They have torn up the track and destroyed the culverts east of that place, and also cut the telegraph. All the rolling stock was saved.

Our military authorities are confident that this raid will cost the enemy exactly the number of troops who have crossed.

The *Mercury* has a despatch dated 1 o'clock A. M. Sunday, stating that there is tremendous excitement in Washington on account of the rebels crossing into Maryland, but it is not believed they can hold their grouud against the Union troops now marching to crush them. There will be a battle soon.

Movements of the Enemy in Western Va.

A despatch from Pomeroy, Ohio, says Spencer, in Virginia, has surrendered to the rebel forces under Jenkins, and that Col. Rathbone's command were taken prisoners by him.

On Wednesday morning Jenkins' forces entered Ravenwood, Va., and on the same evening crossed the Ohio river at Buffington Island, and came down to Racine, Ohio, where they killed one man and wounded two others. They then re-crossed the river at Wolf's Bar, and encamped for the night. The people were rising to resist a further attempt at invasion by the rebels.

A later report says that the rebels are crossing at Racine, and coming down on both sides of the river.

A despatch from Point Pleasant to the military commander at Gillispie, says the contending forces are in sight of each other; that the rebels are but 900 strong, and that a battle is imminent.

GALLAPOLIS, Ohio, 5th, Telegraphic communication in Kanawha Valley is suspended above Point Pleasant.

Guerilla Jenkins is encamped at Buffalo tonight, with 1500 men, and 2000 more are expected to join them immediately. His men are stripping the country of horses and supplies.

The object of Jenkins appears to be to cut off communication with our troops.

Consolidation of the Armies of Virginia and the Potomac.

NEW YORK, 7th. A Washington letter to the *Herald*, dated Friday night, has the following:

Gen. McClellan was to-night placed in command of armies of the Potomac and Virginia. The whole army has been ordered to be provided with three days' rations.

The Washington *Star* this evening says: "We learn that regiments of new troops are now in process of being brigaded with old regiments, by which means they will be effective soldiers much sooner than if otherwise brigaded.

Gen. Pope Released of his Command.

WASHINGTON, 7th. Major General Pope has at his own request been relieved from the command of the Army of Virginia, and has been assigned to the command of the Department of the Northwest.

Rebels Repulsed in Martinsburg.

MARTINSBURG, Va., 7th.

To Major Gen. Wool, Baltimore—

I have the honor to report that the enemy—400 cavalry—who attacked my outposts, have been repulsed with loss of about 50 prisoners and horses and arms now in our possession. Our loss was two killed and ten wounded. The loss of the enemy greatly exceeds ours, but is not accurately known. (Signed) JULIUS WHITE,

Brigadier General Commanding.

Desperate Fight in Kentucky---The Rebels Punished.

LOUISVILLE, 6th. On Sunday last, Col. Shackleford met a force of rebels at Morganfield, surprising them, killing some and taking several prisoners.

Colonel Shackleford then divided his forces, sending Lieutenant Colonel Foster, with two companies of cavalry, in the direction of Slaughterville.

Col. Foster overtook a part of the enemy and killed and wounded several. He took 23 prisoners and 43 horses.

On Wednesday forenoon Col. Shackleford started for the rebels at Col. Johnson's Camp on Galliper Lake, drove in his pickets, routed him, and took possession of his Camp.

Johnson rallied on the opposite side of the Lake and opened fire.

Col. Shackleford dismounted his men, and with carbines fought the rebels, about 600 strong, for two hours, until his ammunition was expended, killing many rebels.

The Federals then retreated orderly, and recrossing the lake, the rebels advanced on our forces.

Shackleford ordered a charge, leading in person. His left foot was torn to pieces by a lead slug from the enemy's cannon, which killed his horse.

Our forces then burned the rebel camp and guns, and fell back in good order. Some of our men were wounded.

Gen. Buell Orders the Evacuation of Nashville.

NEW YORK, 6th. A special dispatch dated Cincinnati, says important news is expected from Nashville. Gen. Buell has ordered the city to be evacuated.

Private dispatches from Boyd's Station, say that 5000 of the enemy entered that place to-day. The telegraph operator left at noon, just as the advance guard came in sight.

Preparations for the Defence of Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, 7th. General Order No. 11, issued by Maj. Gen. Wright to-day, says Major General Wallace is relieved from duty at Cincinnati, and will repair to Covington, where he will make his headquarters for the present, and proceed to organize into brigades the troops mustered into service, and concentrating at and in the vicinity of Newport and Covington.

The resumption of all lawful business in the city of Cincinnati, except the sale of liquor, is hereby authorized until four P. M. daily.

At four P. M. daily (Sundays excepted,) the military organizations of the city of Cincinnati will assemble for drill. The members will hold themselves ready to rally at a moment's warning, at their places of rendezvous, the signal of which will be the tolling of the city bells.

Movements of the Enemy in Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, 7th. The passenger train from Bowling Green which left at 7 this forenoon, returned from this side of Sheppardsville, 20 miles south of here, bringing reports that the small federal force in stockades protecting Salt river bridge were attacked this forenoon by a large force of rebel cavalry with artillery, supposed to be mounted howitzers. The bridge will probably be destroyed before the arrival of reinforcements which have been sent from here.

SHEPPARDSVILLE, 7th. About 500 rebel cavalry burned one section of the Salt river bridge this afternoon, damaging but slightly the new portion recently erected.

Gen. Dumont had his force under arms all day at Lebanon Junction, expecting an attack by a rebel force. All is quiet south of Lebanon Junction, along the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

INSTRUCTIONS. The following circular of instructions to officers in charge of the several quotas of nine months men raised in the several towns, has been issued from the office of the Adjutant General:

STATE OF MAINE.
HEAD QUARTERS, Adj. General's Office,
AUGUSTA, Sept. 3d, 1862.

SIR:—The men under your charge for the service of the United States, will come into the rendezvous, Camp ——, at ——, as soon as they are all duly enlisted in duplicate, or drafted and assembled after sufficient notice to them by you, at some place appointed, which must be before the 17th inst., and may be forthwith. If you are not furnished by the Colonel commanding with passes for transportation, you will have a sufficient number of correct lists of the names of your men duly certified by you, in readiness to deliver to Stage proprietors, Railroad Conductors, (and owners of private teams, if employed,) to enable them to collect pay for your fares of the U. S. Disbursing Officer.

Two days' cooked rations, at least, should be provided by each of your men for their subsistence. Plain and cheap, but substantial and comfortable clothing, should be worn by the men, and they should provide themselves each with a spare shirt, and with a stout woolen blanket, which will be paid for by government.

Contiguous towns assigned to the same rendezvous may, without further authority from this Department, unite their volunteers or drafted men for company organization, or portions thereof. A full company of volunteers, thus made up, in order to present any claim for recognition of officers designated by them, will require 101 men in the aggregate, after deducting those rejected by the examining Surgeon or otherwise.

Upon your arrival at the rendezvous, you will report to the Adjutant, and deliver to him your duplicate enlistment rolls, of which he will make the proper disposition.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN L. HODSDON, Adjutant General.

NOT A WEST POINTER. Gen. Philip Kearney who was killed at the battle of Chantilly, has proved himself one of the bravest and most fearless officers of the war. He was a native of New York, and won distinction in the field without any West Point endorsement. He performed distinguished services in the Mexican war, and was brevetted for bravery. He has twice served with the French army, first in Algiers, and afterwards as a staff officer in the late war between France and Austria. He was in Europe when the war broke out, but came home, and was at once appointed to the command of the New Jersey brigade. In the battles on the Peninsula he took a prominent and honorable part. The rebels feared no one more than they did "that fighting devil, Kearney."

☞ Thursday morning, Sept. 4th, about 1 o'clock, the barn of Mr. S. M. Baker, at East Windham, was discovered to be on fire, and was soon consumed with all its contents, consisting of a horse, a pair of oxen, two cows, about thirty tons of hay, grain, farming tools, &c. Loss about $1,300. Insurance on the barn $150. Incendiarism is suspected.—*Portland Press.*

☞ The United States bounty and advance pay is still given to men enlisting in the old regiments, and will continue to be paid until ferthur orders. This is a wise plan, and many will doubtless avail themselves of advantages thus afforded, and by receiving the highest bounties place themselves where they can be of the most service to the country.

☞ We learn by a St. John paper that Hon. Moses H. Perley, the English Commissioner to examine and determine the mouths of the rivers on the Atlantic coast north of Chesapeake Bay, under the Fishery clause of the Reciprocity treaty, died in Newfoundland about two weeks since. The work of the commission is nearly closed.

Foreign News.

TWO DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamship Asia from Liverpool Aug. 23d and Queenstown 24th, arrived at Halifax Sept. 3.

Great Britain.

The Dublin correspondent of the *Times* on the 21st, says: The Tuscarora it appears has been dodging the Ajax for the purpose of getting coal on board, in defiance of the orders issued by the Admiralty. The Tuscarora coaled within 3 months at a British port and did not proceed, as she was bound to do, on her voyage to the U. S. but remained hovering about the coast, on the lookout for Confederate vessels.

She put into Kingston with a view of getting coals, but was unable to accomplish this there, partly in consequence of the Ajax. She weighed anchor, and steamed with all speed to Belfast Lough, where according to previous arrangement, she received a supply of 100 tons. Having anchored outside the jurisdiction of the Harbor Commissioner, the collector of customs at once took the matter up, and served a notice on the federal commander to depart within 24 hours. A revenue cutter was placed alongside the Tuscarora to prevent a further violation of the neutrality laws, and at the same time the matter was reported to the Admiralty.

The *Times* depicts the latest American advices in most gloomy characters. It considers that on all sides the political horizon grows blacker and blacker, nor can it discover any chance of peace except in the exhaustion or impotence of the belligerents. It says that if the Federals were not blind with fury, they would now see what all Europe has seen from the beginning, but the truth it seems has yet to dawn, if not on the people, at any rate on the government of the Federal States.

The *Morning Herald* speculates on the effects of drafting, and thinks it will try the temper of the Northern people more hardly than it has ever been tried as yet, and shake to its very foundation the tottering edifice of the Union. It says the New Yorkers have less reason than other Americans to struggle against conscription. It is their last hope in the absence now of any nobler or worthier object. It is for the supremacy of their city and to avert its commercial ruin, that a war is being prosecuted which will convert America to a desert.

France.

The French Minister of War had freighted some English steamers for the Mexican expedition. The Italian crisis excited much interest in Paris. Indications of Napoleon's were eagerly awaited. M. Benedittie was about to return from Paris to Turin. The Paris *Constitutionel* after declaring that the French flag will not recede before any menaces, says: "But to crush the fools who would not step before the flag which has given freedom to Italy, might be the painful necessity imposed by honor, but it would not be a solution of the military question and would not settle the political question."

Italy.

The official Turin *Gazette*, on the 21st, published a decree, proclaiming a state of siege in Sicily and nominating Gen. Cugia as Extraordinary Commissioner. Cugia forthwith issued the following proclamation:

"Sicilians, notwithstanding the words of the King, the vote of Parliament and forbearance of the Government in giving time to deluded people to return to their duty, armed bands of Garibaldi continue to occupy important towns. The rebellion is thus opened and the Government has resolved to put an end to this state of things so compromising to the destinies of Italy."

Every armed band or tumultuous meeting will be dissolved by force. Liberty of the press is suspended; the commanders of the troops, of the divisions of Palermo, Messina, and Syracuse will assume both civil and military powers.

It is reported that a considerable number of officers of the loyal army declare that they will resign rather than act against Garibaldi.

A Paris correspondent says that as Gen. Cugia with 3000 men, did not prevent Garibaldi from reaching the seaport of Catania, inferences are freely drawn that the Government dares not throw any serious obstacles in Garibaldi's way.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

The steamer City of New York from Liverpool Aug. 27th, and Queenstown 28th, passed Cape Race on the 5th inst.

England.

The *Times* sarcastically refers Gen. McClellan to his strictures on the allies in the Cremea, and asks how his own proceedings will stand the test of these strictures.

It heads the affair at Culpepper Court House as a signal discomfiture for Gen. Pope.

The *Morning Herald* denounces the continued violation of the laws of nations by the United States Navy and complains of Earl Russell's apathy.

It announced that the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandrina of Denmark, will take place next Spring.

The new fortification works at Plymouth, have been carried away by the sea.

France.

The Paris *Moniteur* in a paragraph said to be from the Imperial hand relative to Rome, says that in view of the insolent threats, and possible consequences of a demagoguic insurrection, the duty of the French Government and its military honor, oblige it more than ever to defend the Holy Father. The world must be well aware that France does not abandon those to whom, when in danger, she extends her protection.

It is reported that preparations, both military and moral, are making by France in view of Italian eventualities. It is reported that Austria and Spain have sent notes to France on the subject.

Italy.

Garibaldi and a portion of his followers got away from Catania in two steamers on the 25th, and landed at Milleto, in Calabria. The naval commander off Catania was arrested for permitting his departure. The royal authorities had re-entered Catania and captured 800 Garibaldians.

The Neapolitan Provinces have been declared in a state of seige.

Gen. De LaMarmora has been appointed extraordinary commissioner, and Gen. Cialdini has gone to Sicily in a similar capacity.

There is great excitement in Calabria; several towns have pronounced in favor of Garibaldi.

Ricasoli has gone to London to confer with Earl Russell, Garibaldi having issued a proclamation inciting the Hungarians to rebellion.—Klapka issued a counter proclamation, declaring the time and method inopportune.

ALLOTMENT OF THE 20TH MAINE. We learn from S. H. Hamlin, Esq., State Allotment Agent that the allotment of this regiment is by far the largest yet made by any of our regiments. The sums put down in the following list are for each monthly payment, making a total bi-monthly or regular payment of $19,004,00.

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Co. A,	Captain Isaac S. Bangs, Jr.	1824 03
B,	P. M. Jefferds,	909 00
C,	Isaac H. McDonald,	1125 00
D,	Isaac W. Haskell,	752 00
E,	Atherton W. Clark,	1171 50
F,	T. F. Andrews,	936 50
G,	Ellis Spear,	717 50
I,	Lysander Hill,	912 00
K,	Chas. L. Strickland,	688 00
		$9,502 50

BANDAGES FOR THE WOUNDED. In furnishing bandages for the wounded, Dr, Garcelon says, "all sizes from a foot square to the size of a sheet, are useful. Pack in *small boxes* that can be easily handled, and *mark distinctly Compresses, Bandages*, or *Lint*, as the case may be. Send at once."

☞ It is unofficially stated that the War Department has given Gov. Washburn permission to appoint deserving privates and non-commissioned officers of the old regiments to office in the newly raised regiments.

☞ The report of the death of Col. Roberts of the Maine 24 regiment in the recent battles in Virginia, is authoritatively contradicted. He had his horse shot under him, but himself escaped unhurt.

☞ The Portland *Press* says that Mr. Ezra T. Williams of Falmouth, commited suicide at his house in Falmouth on Wednesday morning, by stabbing himself with a sword cane.

☞ John Neal, Esq., who has for some time been connected with the Portland *Advertiser* as Literary Editor, has withdrawn his connection with that journal.

☞ The Governor is sending to Washington a force of volunteer Surgeons. Dr. Stanley of Winthrop had gone, according to the Bangor *Whig*.

☞ Belfast has already raised seventy of her quota of nine months men by volunteering. She has only seven more to raise. There will be no drafting in Belfast.

☞ The wife of Isaac Adams of Embden, died instantly soon after retiring to rest, a few days while in apparently good health.

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.
CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	$5 50	8 00	Clear Salt Pork,	9 00 to	10 00
Corn Meal,	75	80	Mutton,	6 to	10
Rye Meal,	1 00	0 00	Turkeys,	10 to	12
Wheat,	1 62	2 00	Chickens,	10 to	12
Rye,	80	85	Geese,	7 to	10
Corn,	65	68	Clover seed,	10 to	15
Beans,	2 50	3 00	Herdsgrass,	2 25 to	2 35
Oats,	40	43	Red Top,	75 to	80
Potatoes,	25	35	Hay,	8 00 to	10 00
Dried Apples,	6	to 8	Lime,	70 to	75
Cooking "	40	to 50	Fleece Wool,	45 to	52
Winter "	67	to 100	Pulled Wool,	1 00 to	1 25
Butter	14	to 15	Sheep Skins,	75 to	100
Cheese,	8	to 10	Hides,	5½ to	6½
Eggs,	10	to 12	Calf Skins,	11 to	12
Lard,	12	to 13	Lamb Skins,	75 to	1 00
Round Hog,	$6 00	to 7 00			

BRIGHTON MARKET---Sept. 4.

At market, 800 Beeves, 250 Stores, 6000 Sheep and Lambs and 250 Swine.

PRICES—*Market Beef*—Extra $6,75; first quality $6,50; second do., $6,00; third do. $5,00.

Working Oxen—$97, 100, 120, @ $131.

Milch Cows—$43 @ $47; common $19 @ $29.

Veal Calves—None.

Yearlings—$7,75 @ 8,50; two years old, $15 @ $16; three years old $19 @ $20.

Hides—@ 7c. *Calf Skins* 8 @ 9c. ℔ lb.

Tallow—Sales at 7½c @ 7¾c ℔ lb.

Pelts—$7 @ $1 ets.,

Sheep and Lambs—$2,00 @ $2,50; extra 3,00, @ 3 50.

Swine—Stores wholesale 3¾ @ 4 c.; retail 4 @ 5c.

Beeves are sold by the head, at prices equal to the value per pound of the estimated weight of beef in the quarter, the same price, at a shrinkage from live weight, agreed on by the parties, of from 45 to 54 ℔ cent.

Remarks—Market opened with an advance of 50c ℔ 100 lbs. on Beef. A few pair sold for $7 ℔ 100 lbs., allowing a large shrinkage, which would bring the average price at about $6,75 @ 6,75 ℔ 100 lbs. Sheep and Lambs sold quick at last week's prices. Market for Swine rather dull.

BOSTON MARKET....Sept. 6.

Flour—The market is steady but quiet for Flour, and the sales have been at $5,00 @ $5,25 for Western superfine; $5,50 @ $5,75 for common extras; $5,87½ @ $6,25 for medium do.; and $6,50 $7,50 for good and choice brands, including favorite St. Louis

CORN—Western mixed, 66 @ 68c, per bushel.

OATS—Western and Canada, 55 @ 62c ℔ bushel.

RYE—90c ℔ bushel.

HAY—Sales of Eastern at $15½.

WOOL—Fleece and pulled Wool, 60 @ 65c ℔ lb.

NEW YORK MARKET.....Sept. 8.

Flour—State and Western continues active but no decided change in price. Superfine State $4,90 a $5,05; extra do. $5,20 a 5,30; round hoop Ohio $5,50 a $5,60; super Western $4,90 a $5,00; Southern unchanged—mixed to good $5,30 a $5,80; fancy and extra $5,85 a $6,75; Canada favors buyers—extra $5,20 a $5,25.

Wheat opened firmer and 1 a 2 cents better—Chicago spring $1,10; Milwaukie club $1 @ $1 22; red winter western $1 29 @ $1,31; Canada club 1 10 @ $1 17.

Corn 1 a 2c better—mixed western 59c @ 60c.

Special Notices.

The U. S. Pension Office has been removed from Portland to Augusta. All communications addressed to C. F. POTTER, Esq., the U. S. Pension Agent, will meet with a prompt reply.

S. M. PETTINGILL, & CO.,

No. 37 Park Row, N. Y., and 6 State St., Boston,

Are our Agents for the *Maine Farmer* in those cities, and are authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at our *Lowest Rates*. 23

LIST OF DOCT. GIFFORD'S HOMŒOPATHIC CURATIVES
PHILIP LEE, Proprietor.
Depot, No. 138 William street, New York.

No. 1—	Cures Fever, Congestion, and Inflammation.	19—	Cures Catarrh, Acute or Chronic, Dry or flowing, Cold in the head, Influenza.
2—	Cures Worm Fever.		
3—	Cures Colic, Teething, Slow Growth, and Feebleness of Infants.	20—	Cures Whooping Cough.
		22—	Cures Ear Discharges, Noise in the head, Im, aired Hearing.
4—	Cures Diarrhea.		
7—	Cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness.	23—	Cures Scrofula, Enlarged Glands and Tonsils.
8—	Cures Nervous Affections	24—	Cures General Debility.
9—	Cures Headache.	27—	Cures Urinary Diseases.
10—	Cures Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Acidity, and Weak Stomach.	28—	Cures Seminal Emissions, Involuntary Discharges, and consequent Prostration and Debility.
11—	Cures Suppressed Menses		
12—	Cures Leucorrhea, or Whites.	30—	Cures Urinary Incontinence, Wetting the bed.
13—	Cures Croup.	34—	Cures Biliousness, as Want of Appetite, Lowness of spirits, Jaundice, Constipation, and Liver Complaints.
14—	Cures Rheum.		
15—	Cures Rheumatism.		
17—	Cures Piles, Internal or External.	38—	Cures Chronic Coughs.
18—	Cures Opthalmia, weak or Inflamed Eyes, or Eyelids.		

The Boxes are neatly put up, and contain about sixty large Medicated Sugar Pills, with full directions for taking, accompanying them, price 25 cents, or five boxes for $1. Vial Cases, which are of Morocco, contain 15, 20, 30, or 40 Vials—prices, $4. $5, $7, $9.

The Symptoms of Disease, and Method of Treatment, are given in a Manual accompanying the Medicine, or which will be furnished *free* on application.

☞ Address all orders to PHILIP LEE, 138 William street, New York, including the price, in bank-note or postage stamps, and the Curatives will be sent to any part of the country, *free* of charge. Or they can be had of F. W. KINSMAN, Augusta, Agent, at the above prices. 1y1

The Greatest Improvement of the Age is the MAGIC LOTION.

It will stop the nervous and sun headache.
It will cure Neuralgia pains in 15 minutes.
It will strengthen the spine.
It will cure the Rheumatism.
It will stop a cough.
It is the best medicine for coughs and colds and pains in the stomach ever invented—cures Dyspepsia and strengthens the whole system. It is recommended by some of the members of the Legislature in Augusta, and many of the M. D.s throughout the country.

H. H. HAY, wholesale agent, Portland, Me.
21tf DR. E. C. BOWKER, Boston, Mass.

☞ If you love *pure, delicious Honey*, don't fail to read the advertisement in another column, headed Honey! Honey!

Married.

In Augusta, Aug. 31st, by Rev. E. H. W. Smith, William P. Hughes to Sylvania E. Woods, both of A.

In Bath, Charles H. Chace of Gardiner, to Sarah E. Lambert of Bath.

In Machiasport, Franklin Barry to Sarah G. Foss, both of Machiasport.

In Biddeford, John Stone to Lois A. Rodgers.

In Bangor, Eli L. Worthing to Etta T. Jones; T. C. Johnson to Fannie Bither.

In Exeter, William A. Leighton to Eliza W. Hollis.

In Brewer, James R. Bradow to Mary M. Chapin.

In Saco, Francis M. Dodge, Esq., of Wenham, Mass., to Sarah J. Philbrick.

In Lyman, Wm. W. Wakefield to Lucy A. Hill.

In Wales, Joseph W. Anderson to Lauraetta Dixon.

Died.

In Augusta, Aug. 24th, Freddy C., aged 3 years 3 months; Sept. 4th, William H., aged 4 years 9 months, sons of Thomas and Ellen Turner; Sept. 1st, Gardiner Pierce of Patten, aged 30 years; Aug. 31st, Nancy S., daughter of Wm. G. and Jane Norcross, aged 17 years.

In Somerville, Aug. 24th, Mary A., wife of Willard S. Clark of California, and daughter of Wm. and Betsey Rice of Anson, aged 32 years 8 months. [California papers please notice]

In Mt. Vernon, Aug. 19th, Sarah Jane, wife of G. W. Harris, aged 23 years 9 months.

In Biddeford, Aug. 23th, Joshua Engley, aged 51 years 7 months.

In Oldtown, Sept. 2d, Deborah, wife of Nathaniel Dillingham, Esq., aged 80 years.

In Saco, David B. Tuttle, aged 53 years.

In Biddeford, widow Hannah Benson, aged 64 years.

In Brewer, Elisha Rowe, aged 84 years.

In Morrill, Joseph Cross, aged 80 years.

In Bucksport, Col. Sewall Lake, aged 74 years 9 months.

In Portland, Nancy, wife of the late Thomas Sanford, aged 59 years; John H. Scott, aged 22 years.

WANTED, AGENTS,

EITHER LADIES or GENTLEMEN, to sell a neat pocket edition of the HISTORICAL WAR MAP; also Fine Steel Engravings, Portraits, Packages of Stationery, &c. Ladies will find the business both profitable and agreeable.

Apply for particulars to B. B. RUSSELL, Publisher, 515 Washington street, Boston. 3w39

TO the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE PETITION of EUNICE C. BEAN, Administratrix on the estate of Hezekiah C. Bean, late of Sidney, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, respectfully represents, that the personal estate of said deceased, is not sufficient to pay the just debts and demands against said estate, by the sum of five hundred dollars; that said deceased died seized and possessed of certain real estate, situate in Sidney, and described as follows, viz:—The homestead farm and buildings of the deceased. That a partial sale of said real estate would injure the remainder thereof; that an advantageous offer has been made to her for said real estate, of eleven hundred and forty-five dollars, including the reversion of the widow's dower therein, and that the interest of all concerned will be promoted by an immediate acceptance thereof. Said Administratrix therefore pays that she may be authorized to accept of said offer, and sell and convey said real estate to the person making the same. EUNICE C. BEAN.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....In Court of Probate at AUGUSTA, on the first Monday of September, 1862.

On the petition aforesaid, ORDERED, that notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of October next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. H. K. BAKER, *Judge*.

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register*.

Copy of petition and order thereon.

ATTEST: J. BURTON, *Register*. 39*

KENNEBEC COUNTY...*In Court of Probate held at Augusta, on the first Monday of September*, 1862.

NATHAN STANLEY, Guardian of Albert M. Ward and Sarah J. Ward, of Winslow, in said County, minors, having presented his first account of Guardianship of said Wards for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer printed in Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the second Monday of October next, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. K. BAKER, *Judge*.

A true copy—Attest: J. BURTON, *Register*. 39*

KENNEBEC COUNTY...*In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the first Monday of September*, 1862.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, Administratrix on the estate of Joseph Williams, late of Litchfield, in said County, deceased, having presented her account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance; and also her request to be discharged from said trust:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, printed at Augusta, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, in said County, on the fourth Monday of September instant, if any, why the same should not be allowed, and she be discharged. H. K. BAKER, *Judge*.

A TRUE COPY—Attest: J. BURTON, *Register*. 38*

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator on the Estate of

JAMES E. DAY, late of CHINA,

in the County of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs:—All persons therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

September 1, 1862. 39* CYRENIUS K. EVANS.

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☞ John Neal, Esq., who has for some time been connected with the Portland *Advertiser* as Literary Editor, has withdrawn his connection with that journal.

☞ The Governor is sending to Washington a force of volunteer Surgeons. Dr. Stanley of Winthrop had gone, according to the Bangor *Whig*.

☞ Belfast has already raised seventy of her quota of nine months men by volunteering. She has only seven more to raise. There will be no drafting in Belfast.

☞ The wife of Isaac Adams of Embden, died instantly soon after retiring to rest, a few days while in apparently good health.

STATE OF MAINE.
HEAD QUARTERS,
ADJ. GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Augusta, Aug. 30, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER No. 41.

I. The following named Medical Gentlemen, are hereby appointed by the Governor and Commander-in-Chief to make examinations of all applicants for certificates of physical disabilities which will exempt them from military duty, by draft and otherwise:

ANDROSCOGGIN COUNTY.
Alexander Burbank, Lewiston; Philip Bradford, Turner; William B. Small, East Livermore.

AROOSTOOK.
Edward N. Mayo, Houlton; E. G. Decker, Fort Fairfield; A. Parsons, Weston.

CUMBERLAND.
Gardner Ludwig, Portland; Thomas A. Foster, Portland; John D. Lincoln, Brunswick; Cyrus K. Bowker, Raymond.

FRANKLI

Poetry.

A FANTASY.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

On the low wall of my chamber, where the moonbeams fall most brightly,
Mingling with the struggling firelight in a soft, uncertain strife,
Hangs a dear familiar picture, which I sit and gaze at nightly,
Till it seems no more a painting, but a form instinct with life.

'Tis the face of one who early by life's rugged wayside fainted,
And above whose lonesome grave-mound are my bitterest tear-drops shed,
One who often haunts my dreaming, with her face serene and sainted,
With her bright lips uttering blessings, and a glory round her head.

Often in my self-communings, while I muse on joys departed,
And the gloom which sadly follows, till my tears unbidden fall,
Till the way grows dark before me, and I grow impatient-hearted,
Do I raise my eyes imploring to the picture on the wall,—

With a fond instinctive pleading—with a child's entire confiding
In the mother whose affections it has learned to trust and prize,
Till a gentle resignation o'er my soul comes softly gliding,
Born of the enduring patience shining in those soft brown eyes.

And as o'er my troubled spirit, flow the waves of holier feeling,
Till rebellious tears no longer in the glimmering firelight shine,
Then the magic picture slowly comes descending from the ceiling,
Till the face is close beside me, and the eyes look into mine—

Lightly on my lifted forehead falls the soft hands' benediction,
And the lips in mild reproving, or in words of love unclose,
Till my spirit shrinks no longer weakly from its light affliction,
But a new-born strength and patience into all my being flows.

And the hours pass by uncounted, while I sit in listening stillness,
Spell-bound by the magic power of those mystical dark eyes,
Heeding not the fire-light's fading, or the hushed room's growing chilliness—
Seeing only those sweet features, as the moonlight on them lies.

But when day with shining foot-prints o'er the distant hills advances,
And the sun's unclouded rising sets the glowing east aflame,
Fades the vision of the night-time, with its train of shadowy fancies,
And the picture shrinks in silence to the prison of its frame.

Our Story-Teller.

REGINALD LYLE'S LOVE.

CHAPTER I.

My story is founded at Oaklands. The Oaklands I write of, is not to be found on the map of any State in our glorious old Union—yet Oaklands *really* exists; a pretty name for a pretty country place. Let me step into the large parlor of the roomy house, and tell you how Oaklands appeared one summer in 18—. I will not give the precise date, for I have an awkward way of blundering into ridiculous mistakes whenever I attempt to remember dates of any description. To avoid this, I shall only say that it was in May, in the first part of the month.

Two gentlemen were sitting by the low, open window, conversing pleasantly. Their eyes rested on green fields, flecked with wild flowers, and barred with golden sunbeams. Fountains of music gushed up in the sweet-scented air, and bird-wings fluttered in the vines trained up to the windows. The old orchard was an ocean of beauty, the faintest breeze stirred its billows into motion—pink bubbles and white crested foam, seemed the sprays of flowers as they rippled over the sturdy trees. Many a wood-lark found its nest velvet lined, and crimson-cushioned, on its return at eventide to its favorite tree.

Just at the foot of the garden could be seen the meadow sweet with clover, and the streamlet flashing in the sunlight like a silver ribbon, its edges embroidered with blue-bells and violets; and wound gracefully around them all, was the hedge of privet, with its glossy, myrtle-like leaves, and the blossoms scattered in amongst the dark foliage, like flakes of snow. The garden was purple with lilacs, and blushed and paled with roses, pinks and syringas. The view was a lovely one, and the two men who gazed upon it, appreciated its beauty.

A voice clear and musical, floated to them across the meadow and fluttering after it in careless grace, came a slight, bright-eyed girl, her hands full of clover blossoms, and early golden grain, and cheeks rosy with healthful exercise.

The younger of the two gentlemen smiled a proud, happy smile, when he saw her. His whole face said, she is beautiful, and good, and loving, and she is *mine*. His friend read the thought, and said deridingly—

"You are very proud of her, no doubt—you think she would never have loved any other man as she loves you. You believe her to be a miracle of constancy; that in the hour of adversity, her love would wind itself even closer around you. You will learn better, against you have seen as much of life as I have. I tell you, Reginald, there is no such thing as genuine love existing in the heart of the other sex. Do not look so angry, but I would wager my life, that at the first evil turn of fortune, your peerless Beatrice would vanish like a mist, and leave you to grope your way through life in pain and darkness."

"Stop now, Fairfax, if you value my friendship. You know nothing of Beatrice Duncan. Because it has been your misfortune to meet with women whose lives are a perpetual falsehood, you have no right to think *all* women are treacherous. I know that Beatrice Duncan does love me, that she has a soul above falsehood, and as pure and true a heart as beats in the wide world." Reginald Lyle's face was flushed with honest indignation, as he turned to his skeptical friend.

"I believe you think so, Reginald, but from what I have seen of Miss Duncan's disposition, I very much fear you are mistaken. It is very easy to prate of a lasting love, so long as Cupid's wand is inlaid with pearls, and flashing with diamonds. Even you would not *dare* to test her sincerity." The cold, stoical words and mocking smile exasperated Reginald Lyle almost beyond endurance.

"If any other man living should speak to me in that manner, I would make him recall his words, if it cost me my life. But you know not what you are saying. Not *dare* to test Beatrice Duncan's love! Why, Fairfax, I should not fear to tell her I was penniless—she would cling to me all the same."

"Try it, my dear fellow! Only try it! If the experiment doesn't give you a new estimate of human nature, I will acknowledge myself fairly defeated. It will be the easiest thing in the world to do. Just allow me to get up some feasible story of broken banks and disastrous speculations, and the work will be done. You will be amazed to see that Beatrice considers gold one of the necessary attributes of love."

"If I consented to your proposition, Fairfax, I should be acting a lie. I cannot reconcile the idea with my conscience."

"You are afraid, I see. I supposed you would be. Your conscience is very tender." His lip curled scornfully. It stung Lyle into desperation.

"I am *not* afraid. To convince you, I consent to act a mean subterfuge for the first time in my life. Circulate any, and every story of misfortune that you choose, so long as you do not touch my honor. You will be ashamed of your cynical views of womanhood, when you see how nobly Beatrice will brave the storm for my sake." His voice was full of a proud defiance.

"We will see! But here comes your charming lady-love now, so I shall leave you to 'make hay while the sun shines.' The lady will not be so smiling to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.

The numerous guests of Oaklands were assembled on the wide porch after tea, enjoying the fresh breeze, and amusing themselves in a variety of pleasant ways. Beatrice Duncan was certainly the loveliest of the happy group; the soft folds of her thin robes giving her a flaky, etherial appearance, as she floated around from one to the other; her hair taken back loosely from her face, and confined with a spray of jasmine; and a knot of violets on her bosom.

Reginald Lyle had good reason to be proud of her, and to love her. Her frank, artless manners had quite won his heart, long before he was aware of it. But this evening he did not choose to make one of the pleasant party on the porch. Fairfax had insisted that he should remain absent long enough to give him an opportunity to relate his pretended misfortune. His friend's words had not shaken his confidence in Beatrice, yet a gloomy feeling, for which he could not account, oppressed him.

He wandered out into the garden and sat down under the lilac bushes. From his flowery retreat he could see his friends, and hear the hum of their voices. He saw Beatrice flit out into the yard and gather her hands full of creamy roses and then disappear, and he knew she had carried them to her room. He felt how cowardly he had been, to submit to such a scheme as Fairfax had proposed, and wished himself safely out of it a hundred times over. What would Beatrice think of him, when she found he had tacitly deceived her? Would she forgive him for his contemptible part?

Meanwhile, Beatrice had carried the roses to her room, and woven them with the jasmine in her hair; pleased when she glanced in the mirror, and saw how pretty she was looking, because she knew it would please Reginald, and her heart fluttered gladly at the thought. She ran down stairs joyously, expecting to find him ready to greet her, but he was not there.

She was surprised to notice that a sudden and painful silence fell over the group at her appearance, and her wonder increased as she saw more than one pair of eyes bent upon her in a manner half-pitying, half-curious. What did it all mean? She looked from one to the other inquiringly. As they noticed her look of embarrassment and distress, there was a lame attempt at conversation, but the fluent tongues had suddenly grown clumsy. Mr. Fairfax came to her relief—he was the only one who seemed to be perfectly at ease. He paid her some graceful compliment, offered her his arm, and together they promenaded up and down the white gravelled walk.

"You noticed the pause that followed your arrival a moment ago, Miss Duncan? I see you are working at it now. We have heard bad news this evening—very bad news, concerning a dear friend of yours, too. Shall I tell you?"

She looked up in a pained, startled way.

"Concerning a friend of mine, Mr. Fairfax? What is it? Do not hesitate to tell me!"

"As well that I should tell you as any one, I suppose, for you will have to know it sooner or later. Our mutual friend, Mr. Lyle, has lost every cent of his magnificent fortune. Owing to some unlucky speculations, too tedious to relate, he is to-night a ruined man." The speaker's voice sounded quite grave and earnest.

"How sorry I am, and yet so very glad it is no worse. I was afraid some accident had befallen him. Where is he? I must go to him—he needs words of cheer and comfort now. Poor Reginald!" Her voice quivered, and her face, at first as white as her dress, flushed up painfully.

"You are too much excited; wait till you are calmer. His low, authoritative voice kept her at his side, and they continued to walk on slowly and silently. Fairfax spoke first.

"Miss Duncan, I once knew a man who appeared to be the soul of honor. He was my friend. He met and loved a beautiful girl. She returned his affection, and they were betrothed. His future seemed a bright one, but the demon of suspicion took possession of him. He began to doubt the faith of the peerless creature he had won. He could not fathom the pure depths of her spotless soul. He believed she loved him for the sake of his wealth, that without it, he would be nothing to her. I tried to reason him out of this foolish belief, but in vain—nothing would satisfy him, but to test her love. At last to please him, I became the medium of his hypocritical plot. Do you comprehend me?"

He did not need to ask her. The red, burning spot in her cheeks—the proud, haughty flashing of her eyes, told how the iron had probed her heart. She spoke very quietly—

"I am not so blind as to fail to discover that you speak of Mr. Lyle. And this is his confidence in me—his estimate of my worth! I appreciate the delicate cowardice of his conduct, and must thank you for disclosing it, and at the same time, I do not undervalue the peculiar sense of honor that has prompted you to act at first a meddlesome, and afterwards a treacherous part. Good evening!"

She left him standing mortified and baffled in the path, and running lightly up to the porch, was soon apparently engrossed in a lively conversation. He had hoped to gain her confidence and her love, but his very duplicity had foiled him. It filled his heart with a bitter wicked triumph though, to know he had placed an obstacle in the path of Lyle's happiness.

CHAPTER III.

All this long time, Lyle sat under the lilacs in an impatient, remorseful mood; watching with eager eyes the group in his view, and wishing the time would ever wear away. He saw Fairfax draw Beatrice's arm in his own, and wander down the walk, and he knew almost the words he must be saying to her. He noticed the quick, frightened start that Beatrice gave, and he knew the falsehood had been told. His heart throbbed heavily—surely she would come to him to assure him that her love was ever the same.

But the moments grew longer and drearier, and still she did not come. Then he saw her in the midst of friends, laughing and jesting, and for the first time in his life, he began to doubt her. He got up with a leaden, dead feeling in his heart, and walked through the flowery paths of the garden, thinking every moment she would see him and come. Could she be the mercenary creature Fairfax had thought her? He would not believe it. Her clear, ringing laugh grated unpleasantly on his ear—she could be gay when she believed he needed comfort.

He sauntered up to the porch, and sat miserable. Beatrice did not even turn her head when she heard him address a friend, and when at last their eyes met, hers were full of coldness and scorn. He said to himself, now that she thinks me poor she no longer loves me. The thought was agony, and yet he wondered at his own blindness, in not having known it before. He was not handsome, he was not graceful, and why should she have loved me? He went into the parlor, and sinking into a chair, covered his face with his hands; trying to shut out Beatrice, and all thoughts of her.

There was a light, airy step in the hall, and Beatrice entered the room, seemingly unconscious of his presence. She gave a start of well-feigned surprise, as he looked up.

"Ah! are you here, Mr. Lyle?"

Mr. Lyle—always before, it had been Reginald. He sprang up abruptly before her, determined to know the worst at once.

"Beatrice, do you know of my misfortune?"

He blushed for shame, at the dissimulation.

"I have heard."

She toyed in a careless way, with the lace on her sleeves, not even raising her eyes to his face.

"It is a terrible thing to be a poor man, but ten thousand times worse to learn that with your riches, your dearest friends desert you."

"It must be."

Still the listless manner and averted gaze. He drew her almost fiercely to the window, where the faint light fell over them both. His face was livid with suppressed pain—

"Look at me, Beatrice! I am not a handsome man, I am not a fascinating man?"

She looked at him quietly and curiously, as if it were the first time in her life.

"No you are not handsome or fascinating—simply passable."

Her voice preserved its indifferent tenor, and her eyes fell to the floor in an absent, dreamy kind of way.

"It was not for my personal appearance that you loved me, then; it was not *me* that you loved at all, but my paltry wealth. O, Beatrice—Beatrice!"

The blood rushed in an angry torrent to her face, and her eyes seemed to burn him with their flames. But she was calm and self-possessed in a moment.

"Since you have formed so flattering an opinion of me, I shall not contradict it."

"Beatrice, you have cruelly deceived me. I trusted in you, as I shall never again trust anything living. You have shaken my faith in the human race—I could not have triumphed when I fell an easy victim to your skill. How you have flattered me up with sweet hopes and loving words, and all the while your heart was cold and false to me. How your very kisses bound me up with their sweetness—to think that they were bought with the prospect of future magnificence. Take back your honeyed smiles, your false vows, fairest and most heartless of women. O, Beatrice, how I have loved you!"

He caught her up in his arms, covering her face with farewell kisses; his tears shining like dew-drops on the roses in her hair.

She jerked herself from him scornfully, her face hot and feverish.

"You forgot yourself; you forgot your own words, freeing me from all ties to you. You forgot the broad chasm the world has placed between us—you forgot that *you are a poor man!*"

She emphasized the last words bitterly, as if to impress them upon him.

"You have doubted me—you have trampled upon all the best and finest fellings of my soul. I give you back scorn for scorn, bitterness for bitterness. Take this bauble, you may need it now."

She slipped the heavy diamond ring from her finger, and flung it at his feet, then bursting into a passion of tears, fled from the room.

CHAPTER IV.

Beatrice Duncan never paused in her mad flight, till she found herself in the cool, quiet depths of the orchard. It would be impossible to tell what she suffered now, and what she had suffered during all that torturing interview. She had not thought it would have ended thus; she had intended to punish him for his want of faith in her, but farther than that she had not intended to go. If she had known how grossly Fairfax had misrepresented Lyle's conversation, she would have gone back to him then, with her heart full of love and sorrow. But she did not know, and there was no undoing what had already been done. Reginald Lyle was hers no longer. He had wounded her feelings, and her pride and passion would not permit a reconciliation. It was almost midnight when she returned to the house. No one had missed her—they probably thought she had retired. She went to her room, and drawing out her desk, wrote:

"To think, that after all I have said to you, Reginald Lyle, after the long months you have known me and read my soul, you should think me so base and depraved! I loved you, because I believed you a man of pure, unsullied honor; because I believed you had faith in my goodness of heart. I did not dream that you possessed a soul so sordid that it tainted your very thoughts. I would have scorned so mean an idea. You have never loved me as you ought, or you would not have doubted my devotion. Had your treacherous friend performed his part of that mocking farce as he should have done, you would have no reason to distrust me again. When he told me that falsehood, my first impulse was to seek you out in your trouble and sorrow, and tell you how doubly dear you were to me, because there *were* clouds hanging over you. Before I could obey that impulse, he told me of the plot you had prepared to entrap me. I loathed him for his treachery; I *pitied* you for your weakness. Yet I did not intend to allow this to sever our future lives. I intended to torture you for a while, as you deserved to be tortured, for your unfounded doubts, and then to throw off the hateful mask. But after all that has passed between us to-night, it will be better for us to go separately through life. I would not marry you now, unless I *knew* you had perfect trust in me. I do not give you up without regrets—you have been very dear to me, and I shall always think of you kindly. Farewell"

She did not weep then; she was fearfully calm and quiet. But she kissed again and again the little locket containing his miniature, calling it many endearing names.

Lyle read the letter through with a dreary hopefulness. He saw all that he had lost, and yet, with his fine sense of honor, he felt that he deserved it. He did not know how doubly treacherous his friend had been to him. He plead some urgent business to his friends, as an excuse from Oaklands.

He did not seek for an interview with Beatrice, he believed all attempt at a reconciliation would be in vain. If he had only gone to her then, while they were both calm, everything would have been explained. He did not see the white, wan face, that looked out at him as he departed, and perhaps it was as well.

Beatrice found that the beauties of Oaklands had vanished with Lyle. Her friends, one and all, united in pronouncing her a heartless flirt, for her conduct to him; yet she never vindicated herself by blaming Lyle, as she could justly have done; never let them see beyond the surface of her heart. The summer passed along drearily; she felt she would be glad to see the dead leaves, and yellow, sickly grass of autumn; the splendors of the summer mocked her with the past. Fairfax had watched her with increasing love and admiration; had tendered his heart and hand, and had been decisively and scornfully rejected. She shrunk from him with an innate feeling of fear and contempt.

It was August; sultry, drooping, panting August. The guests still lingered at Oaklands; it was too pleasant a retreat to be easily parted with. Beatrice sat idly and dreamily looking over the latest paper from the city. Suddenly her eyes filled with light, and her color deepened.

Reginald Lyle *had failed*. There was no doubt of it now; he was a ruined man. Beatrice must have been more than heartless, for a glad smile wreathed her lips, as she read of the downfall of the man who had loved her more than his own life.

She picked up a little slip of paper and wrote—

"You will not doubt me now, Reginald, when I tell you that I love, and that I will gladly share your life with you. Come back to me, I am lonely without you. BEATRICE."

She did not wait long for a reply. Two days later, as she sat in the garden under the very lilacs where *he* had sat *that* evening, she heard the firm, well-known step on the walk. She knew before she had fairly seen him, that it was Lyle.

She went up to him quietly and gladly, extending her small, fair hand. He picked her up in his arms, kissing her tenderly.

"My precious Beatrice—my own true-hearted darling!"

That was all he said, yet as they walked together up the path, the past was forgotten and forgiven.

Later in the evening, there was a long, quiet talk in the parlor, and they both learned, for the first time, how cruelly Fairfax had deceived them. There was perfect peace and harmony at Oaklands that night, and a week after, a quiet wedding, where the peerless and wealthy Beatrice Duncan, became the happy Mrs. Lyle.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

THE GRAVE OF IRVING.

We take the following from the last paper of "Rus-Urban Rambles," in the New York *Evening Post*:

"Burns is not more closely associated with Ayr, or Scott with Abbotsford, or Shakspeare with Stratford, than is Washington Irving with Tarrytown. Here he spent his maturer years and old age, and here, amid the affectionate regrets of every one, is the place he breathed his last. All who attended his funeral will remember that exquisit day when as if in kindly remembrance of the event, the cold and icy winds of December retired, and it seemed as if spring had come again.

"Washington Irving's grave is in the upper and more modern part of the cemetery, for the lower part, near the old church, contains the dead of revolutionary times. The Irving family lie in a row of graves, the burial lot being surrounded with a green hedge. Thick, low, white slabs, each exactly similar to the other, alone mark the graves. There is no pretentious monument. The father and mother of *the* Irving lie side by side, their tomb stones bearing these inscriptions:

"WILLIAM IRVING—Died October 25, 1807, aged 76 years, 1 month and 11 days.

"SARAH SANDERS, wife of William Irving—Died April 9, 1817, aged 78 years, 11 months and 15 days.

"Next to these, at the foot of the whitest stone, lies the freshest grave. It is the grave that was opened and closed on that sweet—that almost unnaturally sweet—December day, and the pure white stone bears these words,—

"WASHINGTON,
"Son of William and Sarah S. P. Irving,
"Died November 28, 1859, aged 76 years, 2 months and 25 days.

"Some friendly hand has thrown a wreath of immortelles upon the grave. The gate that leads to the burial lot is open, as if it were often visited, and the morning sunlight flickers in checkered play upon the grass and tombstones as it filters tremblingly through the leaves—everything quiet and serene, like the closing years and calm death and gentle soul of him who left his Sunnyside cottage home for this Sunnyside grave.]

THE LAST HOURS OF COLUMBUS.

In the midst of illness and despondency, when both life and hope were expiring in the bosom of Columbus, a new gleam was awakened, and blazed up for the moment with characteristic fervor. He heard with joy of the arrival from Flanders of King Philip and Queen Juana, to take possession of their throne of Castile. In the daughter of Isabella, he trusted to find a patroness and a friend. King Ferdinand, and all the court, repaired to Toledo, to receive the youthful sovereigns. Columbus sent his brother, the Adelantado, to represent him, and wrote a letter to the King and Queen lamenting his being prevented by illness from coming in person to manifest his devotion. He expressed a hope that he should receive at their hands a restitution of his honors and estates; and assured them, that, though cruelly tortured by disease, he should yet be able to render them services the like of which had never been witnessed. Such was the last sally of his sanguine and unconquerable spirit; which, disregarding age and infirmities, and all past sorrows and disappointments, spoke from his dying bed with all the confidence of youthful hope, and talked of still greater enterprises, as if he had a long and vigorous life before him. The Adelantado took an affectionate leave of his brother, whom he was never to behold again, and set out on his mission to the new sovereigns. He experienced the most gracious reception, and flattering hopes were given him that the claims of the Admiral would speedily be satisfied. In the mean time, the cares and troubles of Columbus were drawing to a close. The transient fire which had recently re-animated him, was soon quenched by accumulating infirmities. Immediately after the departure of the Adelantado, his illness increased in violence. Finding his end was approaching, he arranged all his earthly affairs for the benefit of his successors. . . . . Having scrupuously attended to all the claims of affection, loyalty, and justice, upon earth, he turned his thoughts to Heaven, confessing himself, partaking of the holy sacrament, and complying with the other ceremonies of a devout Catholic. Surrounded by devoted friends, he expired, with great resignation, on the 20th of May, 1506, being about seventy years of age. His last words were: "*In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.*" "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."—*Irving.*

☞ "India, my boy," said an Irishman on his arrival at Calcutta, "its jist the finest climate under the sun; but a lot of young fellows come out here, and they dhrink and they ate, and they ate and they dhrink, and they die; and thin they write home to their friends a pack o'lies, and say its the climate as has killed 'em.

☞ A young lady was sitting at a window in Camden, N. J., a few days ago, when she observed a colored girl cutting up some antics, and she commenced laughing. The darkey observed it, turned up her nose, and said: "You white girls needn't laugh—you've got no beaux now—they're all gone South to fight for us niggers."

The War for the Union.

ONE MILLION MEN.

Hark! 'tis the tocsin of the day,
Rallying new armies to the fray!
Hark! how it sounds from hill to glen,
For Union now, One Million Men!

Where the Atlantic surges roar,
By broad Pacific's distant shore,
To hunt Rebellion from his den,
Give to the old flag One Million Men!

Come! from the farm, the shop, the mill!
Come! with a freeman's conquering will!
Come! as our sires came, and then,
Strike home like them—One Million Men!

Fathers! your sons surrender now!
Mothers! entwine the patriot's brow!
Give to the Union—Give it ten
Times more yet—One Million Men!

THE GREAT BATTLE IN VIRGINIA.

Interesting Details of Four Days' Fighting.

We extract from the reports of different correspondents the following details of the fighting in Virginia during the four days ending on Saturday the 30th of August, where our brave army exhausted and overborne by vastly superior numbers, were compelled to fall back on Centerville:

POSITION AND OBJECT OF THE REBELS.

By Wednesday last the bulk of the rebel army extended from Manassas up to the south bank of the North Potomac. They were in force at Leesburg, Drainsville, Vienna and Fairfax Court House, down to Bull Run and Manassas Junction—in short they had thrown themselves completely in the rear of Gen Pope and in front of the fortifications at Alexandria and Washington.

This is, by all odds, the most remarkable feat of military strategy in history. The throwing of an entire army into the rear of another army, and cutting off all supplies and the line of communication, and obtaining complete possession, in short, of its entire rear, was a maneuver worthy of any of the great captains of history. The celerity of movement and dextrous handling of troops displayed military abilities of the very highest order.

The apparent object of the rebels was to force Pope to retreat toward Fredericksburg or the line of the south Potomac. At either of these places it would be impossible for his army to be transported to Washington or Alexandria in time to be of use in opposing the invasion they expected to make of Maryland. Their object was to cross at Leesburg, or perhaps even at Great Falls, a feat they could easily perform, as the river is not more than knee deep at either of those places, and a rapid march upon the Relay House and Baltimore would have placed Washington at their mercy, as it is understood to be completely undefended in the rear.

The scheme was a bold one and exceedingly dangerous, as with proper precaution being taken by our generals and a superior force attacking them, their entire army was liable to capture. They evidently hoped to confound and bewilder our generals, take advantage of the panic, and seize Washington if possible.

WHAT GENERAL POPE DID.

Gen. Pope, however, is a man of undoubted pluck, and not at all afraid to take the responsibility. Instead of retreating upon Fredericksburg or the Potomac, as the rebels evidently wished, he boldly changed front and marched back toward Manassas. It may be that he was instructed to do so by Gen. Halleck. As, however, communication was cut off for a couple of days, it is more than probable that he advanced to attack the enemy of his own motion. It was well he did.

THE BATTLE OF WEDNESDAY.

We have heretofore given accounts of the attacks on the enemy on Wednesday by Gen. Hooker and Taylor, where the latter General, with the New Jersey brigade, was driven back from the battle ground of Manassas to Stannard's Station, fighting all the way; while at noon same day Gen. Hooker, with that invincible division of his, left Warrenton Junction, where he had been encamped, followed by Gen. Kearney, with his division as a reserve, and marched directly toward the enemy at Bristow's Station, utterly regardless of the nature and extent of the opposing forces, who were under the redoubtable "Stonewall" Jackson, whose name in itself is a tower of strength.

Coming up within sight of them some time after three o'clock, they immediately opened fire upon him with the field pieces they had, as well as keeping up at the same time a well-directed infantry fire: our men promptly returned it, the firing being brisk and rapid on both sides for some three quarters of an hour. At this time Gen. Hooker ordered a charge. The boys gave one of their loud, terrific cheers, which are peculiar to this division, charged bayonets, and started on a full run directly in the face of the enemy. Of course the enemy broke, started for the woods, nor did they stop until reaching Manassas.

BATTLE OF THURSDAY.

Jackson during the night was compelled to withdraw his outer lines and concentrate his force at Manassas Junction, where he held the old rebel fort, and defended it by artillery taken from the New York battery the previous Monday night. The attack on him was renewed on Thursday morning; Hooker having been reinforced by the residue of Heintzelman's corps and by the corps of Fitz John Porter, which had come up and taken position that morning. Jackson was driven from Manassas with heavy loss, and fell back by the Centreville road, retreating first to Centreville, abandoning that position precipitately, and continuing his retreat toward Vienna.

Gen. Buford's cavalry brigade pursued the flying enemy and occupied Centreville.

Simultaneously with this brilliant success, the corps of Longstreet, which was advancing from White Plains through Thoroughfare Gap, to the relief of Jackson, was met, attacked and defeated by the combined corps of Sigel and McDowell, at Gainesville. Part of Longstreet's routed troops are said to have attempted to escape by way of Warrenton, but his main column is supposed to have fallen back through Thoroughfare Gap, to unite beyond the mountains with Jackson—the two pursuing their retreat together to Shenandoah. Pope's dispatch of Saturday's date, however, says: "The enemy are still in our front, but badly used up."

Gen. Pope captured a large number of prisoners and great quantities of baggage.

The army of Jackson was said to be in great distress from want of supplies. They carried only three days' supplies, moving without wagons, and relying on the arrival of Longstreet's supporting column in season to furnish provisions. They expected also to have found plentiful commissary stores at Manassas, but it is now reported that they captured in the whole not over 50,000 rations. As much of this was wasted and destroyed, the supply cannot have been sufficient for two days for the whole army of Jackson.

The army correspondents of the Philadelphia *Press* give full accounts of the battles of Friday and Saturday. We copy:

THE BATTLE OF FRIDAY.

On Friday, after a tedious night advance, McDowell, Sigel and Reno came upon Jackson, six miles west of Centreville, as he was retreating to Gainesville, and a severe pitched battle took place, which lasted all day, and the field was stoutly contested. This was a drawn battle, but Jackson's loss was very heavy, and observing the trap that had been set for him he endeavored to retreat across Bull Run on Friday night, but from some cause he did not get his army entirely over. Our forces moved after him that night, and by daybreak Saturday morning had driven the enemy over Catharpin Creek. Up to the date of Gen. Pope's dispatch, headed "Groveton, near Gainsville," we had captured all of Jackson's baggage, wagons and camp equipage, and a large number of prisoners. The fields were said to have been full of rebels overcome with exhaustion, hunger and thirst, who readily gave themselves up. Some of these men state that they started out from Thoroughfare Gap in light marching order, with ten days' rations of very poor quality; and that this had been all consumed. If this be true, future victories over him will be easy. At any rate, I learn that during Saturday the battle continued all day without any decisive results, the fighting being being desultory, and both armies being almost utterly exhausted.

The enemy had now retreated for some distance and was back of Gainesville. McDowell, Sigel and Reno held the enemy at bay, and waited anxiously for the arrival of Gen. Porter's corps of fresh troops from Manassas, but from some unaccountable delay he did not arrive. The probability is, that his men have been overtasked with long marches and want of proper comforts, they having left their camp equipage and overcoats behind.

THE BATTLE OF SATURDAY.

I have just seen an officer of high rank this afternoon, who has given me some most important news.

Gen. Pope seems to have met with a temporary reverse yesterday. He was successfully driving the enemy during yesterday, whom he supposed to be under command of Gen. Jackson, but about 4 o'clock a tremendous cloud of dust was seen on the right, and Gen. Pope became convinced that heavy reinforcements for the enemy had succeeded in getting through Thoroughfare Gap, and were marchiug toward his right, with a view of turning it and setting in his rear. He accordingly wisely determined to withdraw his jaded troops from the immediate field of action, which the enemy at once took possession of. It was mortifying for Gen. Pope to do this, but necessity knows no law, and Sumner and Porter had not arrived to save the day. Centreville is a most important point, and Manassas Junction is equally so, and no one can fail to see that it is absolutely necessary for us to keep possession of them.

This morning the rebels renewed the battle at daybreak, and it has been raging furiously all day. An attempt was made to turn our right, but the brave Sigel, with his trusty Germans, and the batteries he knows so well how to manœuvre, was at once ordered to the right, and the enemy was driven back with heavy loss. Sigel headed a bayonet charge in person, it is said, and in this new position distinguished himself. Then a bold stroke was made at our center, which was handsomely repulsed by McDowell. After this a desperation was fearfully evident among the rebels, and there soon emerged from the dust a long, solid mass of men coming down upon our poor, worn-out army at a bayonet charge on the double quick. By the description of those who saw this line of bayonets, I am satisfied that, in the distance, it must have presented a spectacle at once awful, sublime, terrible and overwhelming.

THE REBELS CHARGE.

On came the demons, as if emerging from the earth, in well-caparisoned myriads, reaching in solid column as far as the limit of human vision. But we were fully prepared to meet this outset properly, and our men stood, pale, but full of courage, awaiting the result, fully determined to die nobly fighting for the stars and stripes, if die they must; and they saw no safety in retreat.

The rebels came up handsomely within good range, and taking our fire a commotion was observed in their ranks. While this encouraged our men, Gen. Pope saw what was the intent of it all.

THE REBELS TURN OUR LEFT.

Almost as quick as thought the bugles sounded the order to the rebel phalanxes, and instantly the huge mass of rebels was hurled against our left wing. The gallant divisions of Reno and Schenck—heroes and victors of other fields—stood their ground for a short space, but were soon overpowered, and gave way. Setting up a yell of triumph, the rebels pushed over piles of their own dead men and the corpse of many a brave patriot, using the bayonet at close quarters with our troops.

ORDERS TO FALL BACK.

The rebels were slow in reforming. They had not driven us back without considerable loss, and they did not make another advance until half an hour after, about noon to-day.

PORTER COMES UP.

Our reinforcements are in sight at last. Sykes, with his invincible regulars, is in sight. It is the vanguard of Fitz John Porter's corps. They are coming up from Manassas to give the rebels some of the "touches" they applied to them so artistically at Gaines' Mills. His fire is delivered in the enemy's flank, and the rebels stagger back.

SUMNER IN SIGHT.

The rebels seem three to our one when cheering is heard in our rear, and the dust rises in clouds seemingly for miles in extent. Half an hour passes by and puts Sumner with his augmented and regenerated corps in the advance. The troops that have fought so hard and so long fall back to Centreville for rest. Many of them sunk right down, and, cooled by the rain that was falling, were soon fast asleep, dreaming of home and all that is lovely and beautiful in life, while the roar of cannon was still ringing loudly in their ears, stupified with the sudden relapse from extraordinary excitement of the past week.

Shortly after noon to-day Franklin's corps moved on from Centreville and took an advanced position.

Generals Schenck and Sykes have both been wounded in the hand—the former severely, the latter painfully, but not seriously.

OUR CAPTURES.

It is said that our captures of prisoners and stores, camp equipage, &c., are immense. The various trains returning from the battle fields are loaded with tons of stores of every description, taken in the recent battles.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* gives the following soul-stirring description of a successful bayonet charge by Heath's main column on Saturday, and the subsequent retreat of Gen. Pope upon Centerville:

HEINTZELMAN'S BAYONET CHARGE.

The men were by no means fresh when they were submitted to this trial. They had fought through the greater part of a most fatiguing day. They had been without provision or rest since early morning, and, worse than all, an intolerable thirst consumed them. They were tired—to the verge of exhaustion—hungry, thirsty, dusty, everything but dispirited, In the eyes of all the world they would have been justified in treating the order to charge as a mistake, whether intentional or unintentional. They had been forced back by the sheer weight of overwhelming numbers; new forces had been constantly hurled upon them, and it was madness to refuse the chances of meeting reinforcements in the rear. The awful crash of the battle was still around them. A superior artillery was hurling havoc into the ranks. Musketry was increasing its deadly volleys, and there began to be symptoms of a flanking movement and a cross fire. It was under such circumstances that Heintzelman's corps ceased firing. It made a decided difference in the noise of the field; the diminution of sound was almost a hush; for, though the enemy was blazing away as rapidly as ever, it is the guns immediately about one that fill one's ears. For an instant the great line wavered; this suspense was too horrible; it must be filled with acts of some kind: mortal men cannot stand it; for God's sake let the great gasp of inaction be crammed—with death, if nothing else. "Steady men!" A resumption of the line; but also an increase of the adverse firing. Again a waver. "Steady, steady men." Aye, bawl till you are hoarse, brave captains and lieutenants; but these seconds are centuries; you must give these men something to do; you must steady them by action. And here comes enough; aids gallop down with order that brings every musket to its most threatening position. Then the cheering words of the commanders as they dash down the lines. Then a wild waving of swords by our shoulder straps as the final word is given, and the column starts forward. Slowly, at first, and rather lamely—joints stiff with fatigue. But as the distance to the foe is shortened the pace is quickened; faster and faster moves that steadily advancing column, till, on a run like a deer's, with leap and shouts like more savage creatures, they hurl themselves right in the midst of the expectant foe. What passed there no man can tell. They are not more silent who fell with death sealed lips than are those who came out unharmed. The excitement is too great for memory to hold any ground; all faculties are swept away in the one wild thirst for blood, blood. We can only say, that after a short and desperate struggle, the rebel foe fall back—not orderly and meaningly, but in such confusion and lawless turmoil as only terror can create. The day was won. The blood and bravery of Heintzelman's stout men won it. The plaudits of a grateful country, be with them! It was the boldest and grandest charge of the war. The honor of all history must be with them.

THE REBEL ADVANCE.

Very triumphantly the rebel hordes advanced. A long experience on the battle field has convinced me that this braggadocio of first appearance betoken one of two things with the rebels—a feint or a reinforcement. When not confident in superior numbers, or not relying on some complex system of strategic movements, they will, indeed, move forward—and steadily, too, with such presumption as they greeted Pope's wearied force on this memorable Saturday. It was evident at first glance, that they had been heavily reinforced, and it was equally impressed upon our consciousness that we must meet the approaching contest with men wearied enough in body, and not a little dampened by the thought that Sumner and Franklin had failed to come up. But the force under our control was disposed as well as circumstances would allow. All the officers, from the Major General commanding to the humblest lieutenant, were indefatigable in their exertions to make energy and tact atone for the want of those happy coinciding circumstances which so often materially contribute to decide the issue of a battle. The men stood nobly up to their work. Poor fellows! Sorely tried were they. Jaded to the utmost by their tremendous efforts of the previous day, yet now called upon to meet a second ordeal, and one far more terrible. In the stoutest hearts in the world there will always be engendered some measure of demoralization by forcing a second fight upon men in whose ears are still ringing the awful cries of a first. But here it was unavoidable, and the men addressed themselves bravely to the severe duty now imposed.

THE ORDER TO FALL BACK.

The day was far advanced. Our men had fought with more than mortal heroism. Inspired valor flushed each eager countenance. We had suffered severely in killed and wounded; but few of our number had been taken prisoners—the fighting was too desperate, and the field too hotly contested on both sides to prevent any yielding, save in death. The bravery (for I scarce know what else to call it) of the rebels must be admitted. Whether they were intoxicated or not, as in the seven days' battles, I cannot say, but I would not be greatly surprised if such should ultimately prove true. Many of them had thrown aside their coats and jackets, and entered the contest with an Irish dash and recklessness. Many of our men had not had a mouthful to eat since morning; but there was no indication at any line either of wavering or weakness.

It was whispered along the ranks in the pauses of the conflict, when the reverberations of the cannon, hushing momentarily, allowed an articulate shout to be heard, that Franklin was coming to our aid from Alexandria, and the men were hopeful. Under such circumstances the order "Fall back! fall back!" came like a thunder-clap to every ear. Each countenance drooped. There was a slackening in our fire, the line wavered for an instant, and the massing of the troops commenced. Sad indeed was this massing of such mere fragments. Regiments were reduced to corporal's guards, and, indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that from some brigades it would have been difficult to form a cou